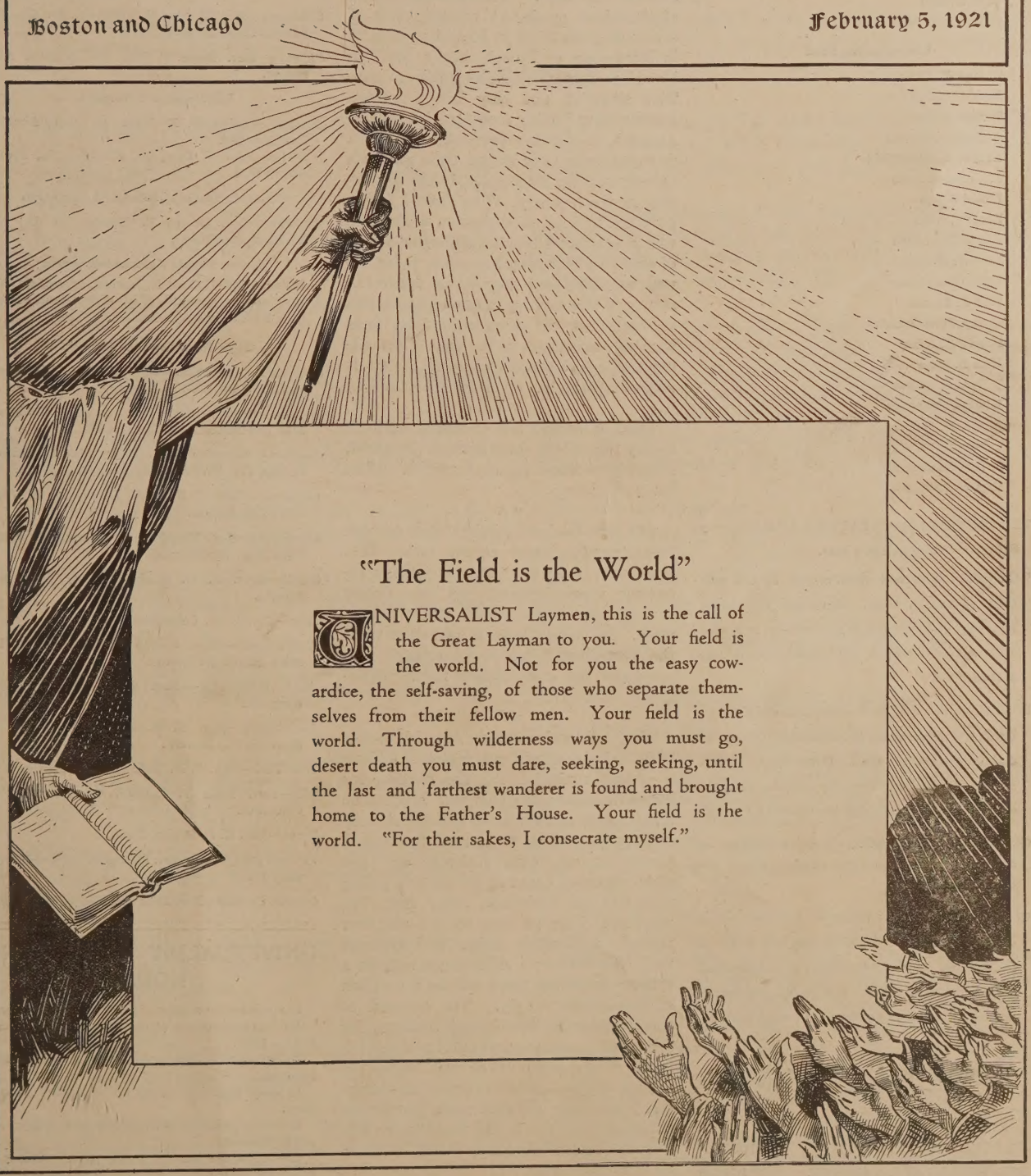
The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago

February 5, 1921



"The Field is the World"

UNIVERSALIST Laymen, this is the call of the Great Layman to you. Your field is the world. Not for you the easy cowardice, the self-saving, of those who separate themselves from their fellow men. Your field is the world. Through wilderness ways you must go, desert death you must dare, seeking, seeking, until the last and farthest wanderer is found and brought home to the Father's House. Your field is the world. "For their sakes, I consecrate myself."

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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Μιγμα

Some people say that ability is rare. I contend that ability is everywhere, but opportunity is rare. (*Dr. H. C. Metcalf.*)

υ λ

One reason that Europe is buying less of our farm products is the existing state of foreign exchange. One dollar's worth of American goods, at present rates of exchange, costs $1.39 in English money, $2 in Norwegian or Danish money, $3.17 in French money and $5.05 in Italian money. This situation not only has prevented Europe from buying food that it needs in America, it also has prevented American manufacturers from selling their products abroad and has thus added to the depression in this country. The United States government had no hesitation during the war in extending billions of dollars' worth of credit to European countries, under the understanding that they should spend the money in this country in buying munitions of war. But our government now finds immense difficulties in the way of extending credit to Europe to buy food that it needs desperately. (*Non-Partisan Leader.*)

υ λ

There is a bread line of famine sufferers to-day that would reach around the world, allowing two feet for each victim. (*Rev. W. W. Pinson.*)

υ λ

The New Zealand Soldiers' Repatriation Department's latest report states that there were then only four ex-soldiers receiving unemployment pay, no others having been on the books longer than a week. In twenty months of active work the Department has found suitable employment for over 20,000 men. (*Manchester Guardian.*)

υ λ

They tell us there are in America to-day 30,000 churches without pastors. This is a serious condition for the church, for which there are many answers. Meanwhile it can not be said too often that the churches have themselves to blame. So long as heresy hunting "hounds of the Lord" are given places of honor in the church, young men will be frightened away from the ministry. Just so long as the churches tolerate millionaire elders and deacons while the minister's children go without a college education, there will be a problem of ministerial supply. The demand of the minister for intellectual freedom, for decent economic support and for a real job in the community must be met. When the community honors and supports the minister, young men will once more turn to the altars of God for a life vocation. (*Rev. Charles Clayton Morrison, D. D., editor of the Christian Century.*)

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THE Universalist Leader

Two Dollars a Year | 103d Year | New Series | Vol. XXIV No. 6

ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the abo e principles be professed.

Editorial

Great is the victory that leaves with you a friend.

* *

It takes the bravest heart to be resigned to the inevitable.

* *

It is some of every man's business when any man goes wrong.

* *

No man so poor he can not have a reputation which is a negotiable asset.

* *

The revolutionary spirit is bound to bring forth a lot of bad fruit along with the good.

* *

Seek the companionship of the wise, the witty and the good, and you will not be lonely when alone.

* *

Few rich men are as rich as they are thought to be; few poor men are as poor as they think themselves to be.

* *

Much good, perhaps all good, comes through revolution, but that does not prove that all revolutions are good.

* *

It were but a poor religion that did not hold before our eyes the unattainable ideal along with the understandable idea.

* *

How good it would be if the good when we get it were only as good as it seemed to be when we wanted it and had it yet to attain.

* *

The minister who is exhausted with preaching one sermon and drawing his salary needs the tonic of some extra missionary work.

* *

Sense and cents are both necessary if the church is going to be of any further use to God; but even God can't do much with ab-sence.

* *

There are many kinds of virtues, some of which the bad man has, all of which no man has; men are more often different than depraved.

* *

The careless indifference to justice in this day makes it imperative that we stress the principle of the certainty of just retribution for sin.

When we sorrow because people do not think as kindly of us as we wish, it is time to think of what changes are needed in us, as well as in them.

* *

It is passing strange that successful business men who keep their financial balance with such scrupulous accuracy, should so often fail to strike a just balance in their appraisement of their life-values.

* *

"I am." That is life. Make the pronoun small and bound it with the "a" and the "m" and you have the aim of life. The proper adjustment of the letters is essential to voicing a purpose in unrasping tones. There are many folks who would enjoy better aim and make themselves more enjoyable neighbors if they would (at least part of the time) decapitalize the "I."

* *

A Report of Progress

From Peabody, Mass., comes the following: "You will be interested to know that at a meeting of our Men's Club held this week we increased our subscription to the *Leader* exactly 100 per cent. I really believe that this is just the beginning and the end of this drive will see us register another 100 per cent."

* * *

A REMARKABLE SERVICE

TWENTY-FIVE years ago there was a church and a minister. The minister was liberal, the church was not. Result, the church stayed and the minister went out—but many of the people went with him. So there is a long and heroic story of service and sacrifice with a fine and growing congregation in the present chapter, and a most hopeful "continued in our next."

Now it happened that the minister was to be away for a Sunday, and where should he turn, not for a preacher, for one was already provided, but for people to carry on the service? Well, where he *did* turn was to a clothing factory. Result, a seventh day Adventist girl took charge, a Methodist and a Baptist sang solos, a chorus of men, in which were Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, church goers and church strangers, led the singing, and the great congregation? Well, that particular preacher will go far for the privilege of speaking to them again.

Then everybody sang, and how they sang, an

original hymn, dedicated to the "boss" of the shop. and when the preacher heard hundreds of voices ringing out to the old, "Glory, glory, hallelujah," these words,

"Above the noise of shop-life there's an ever sounding strain,
Of human mind for human kind, a song of heart and brain,
Give glory to the God on high in great and glad refrain,
The Golden Rule is born,"

well, the words got blurry, and then they somehow changed from dull black to shining gold, and on the sheet before him the preacher read,

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

* *

A LAYMAN'S LEADER

PRACTICALLY every editorial and every article in this number of the *Leader* has been written by a layman. There are two reasons for this. First, the *Leader* desires to make its contribution to the already assured success of the Universalist Comrades and "Layman's Sunday, Feb. 13," and believes such an issue as this will do so.

The second and larger reason is that we believe the way in which the Universalist Church is going to meet or fail to meet the greatest opportunity in its history depends largely upon our laymen. Probably we have never had an abler or more devoted ministry than at present, but ministers without laymen are just as efficient as captains without crews. Every local organization of the Universalist Comrades is a recruiting station for the greatest adventure of faith in the history of the Universalist Church. We are risking all we have and are on our faith that the kingdom of Heaven can be made an earthly reality. No other church has ever dared affirm that, much less undertaken to prove it.

An evidence that our men are ready to do their part is to be found in the fact that of those asked to contribute to this number not one has refused. Our long overworked ministerial contributors will rejoice in these welcome accessions and inspiring allies.

* *

MAN

GENERICALLY Man is a provider. Most of us are, but what we most liberally provide is work for our wives, worries for our associates, and troubles for our posterity.

Religiously, Man is supposed by general acclamation and statistics to be inferior to the handsomer sex; the supposition is substantiated by the action.

Politically, Man has proved his inefficiency to the extent of voting, in his final desperation, to invite Woman to assist him in cleaning up the country.

Commercially, Man has—but why continue the indictment? We would only be convicted the sooner should we attempt to continue the defense. *Men*, let's wake up, not in competition to the best and only helpmate we ever had, Woman, bless her heart, but let's wake up to the opportunities of to-day, this minute. The opportunity of men in the Church, the Universalist Church, in your Universalist Church.

The man power of the Universalist Church has not been tabulated, or measured, much less used. What would you think if an expert were to say, "You are running your business on about thirty-eight per cent basis of efficiency?" You would blow up either the expert, yourself, or the organization.

Here then is the problem. The men in your Universalist Church are probably working upon about a twenty per cent basis. Bring them to church Feb. 13, let the minister see them all at once—what an inspiration for him! Let them see him for once—what an opportunity for all!

Wake up, men. The Church needs you as never before and, goodness knows, many of us need the Church just as much.

* *

SOCIAL REFORM AND RELIGIOUS INSOLVENCY

A LAYMAN, Prof. Edmund E. Day of Harvard University, whose special field of research and thought is economics, discussing two recent books, one of which champions capitalism and the other socialism, closes his review with these pregnant words: "The most fundamental fact in the problem of social reform is the religious insolvency of the present age. The attainment of a good world awaits the moral regeneration of the individual."

There is no more significant current running in the thought of laymen of vision to-day than the one that stresses the old words of the Fathers of the Church, such as "sin," "righteousness," "regeneration," and "judgment." Laymen without vision and subjects of Moloch or Mammon deprecate reversion to this terminology and fear the consequences to them of its use in contemporary preaching. Where they have official power in the churches, or where they virtually subsidize church administration, they will punish prophets who speak the truth, even though it be spoken in love. But the more clearly the issue is raised by them and the more decisive their rebuke the better for Christianity. A majority of the laity want a "good world." If their seers say "Repent and bring forth works meet for repentance" they will not stone them. There are enough missiles hurtling through the air now without flinging more.

* *

THE COMEBACK

ONE of the finest forum leaders this country has produced, the loved and lamented John Ross of Buffalo, introduced what he called "the Comeback." Any one who asked a question of the speaker and who did not get what he believed to be a fair answer, could say, "A comeback," and take one minute to tell why the speaker seemed partisan or misinformed.

We have been waiting patiently for the time when we could introduce the comeback into the *Leader*. Several things were prerequisite. First, we had to get our readers to think of the paper as a co-operative affair in which they are co-makers and not merely recipients. Then they have had to learn that we set up no office infallibility, even when trying to say the truth as we see it, hardest and straightest. Also they must realize that the *Leader* is a journal of Life as well as of theology and a reporter of denominational affairs.

From letters now reaching the office it would

seem that the time has come to ask our readers to help edit the *Leader*. The remarkable series of articles in this paper, all by laymen, reveals our wealth of intellectual and spiritual resource. It leads us to ask a question: Will you help the *Leader* to lead by being truer to truth?

If an editorial or an article, particularly an editorial, seems to you partial or inadequate will you give us "a comeback," always remembering the time limit? Recently the *Leader* had a fifteen line editorial to which one of our readers sent a seventeen page rejoinder. If you can reverse that, the office and your fellow readers will rise up and call you blessed. "The Comeback." Who is first, please?

* *

THE CALL OF CHINA

ELSEWHERE we publish portions of an essay by a student of Gimling College, Nan-King, China. Nothing could be more poignant than the contrast between this picture of the China that might be and the China that is.

The China that is cries to us from an abyss of chaos and starvation. Such social machinery as the old monarchy had made has been smashed by the democratic revolution. Mongol officialdom has gone. In spite of its splendid spirit and inspiring progress, Chinese nationalism has not had time to replace it.

In the midst of this transition has come an appalling disaster. In certain densely populated areas, no rain has fallen for a year and a half. Famine stalks through the land and men and women and, most of all, little children, are dying at the rate of *ten thousand a day*.

Three cents will save a life one day. One dollar for a month. Five dollars a month for a family like your own. Universalists have given seventy-five thousand dollars for Armenian orphans during the past year. They have probably given three or four times as much for the starving children of Europe, and we are still giving.

"I am tired of giving," said a flippant New Yorker. "Well," answered Stephen Wise, "perhaps these children are tired of starving." No official appeal has been made to us, perhaps none will be, probably none ought to be. But Universalists who are universal will not be deaf to this call because they have heard others. If you want to give and don't know how to reach some of the direct relief agencies, the *Leader* will be your agent, as it has been glad and grateful to be in many other cases.

* *

CARRYING RELIGION BACK TO THE FARM

THE farmer ought to be the most religious of men. He deals with God at first hand. God's methods of work as revealed in soil, in plant, and in animal are constantly before the eye and the mind of the farmer. The farmer, too, supplies the primary wants of man, the call for food. Man's dependence upon God for sustenance is met under conditions that virtually make the farmer the agent of the Almighty on behalf of human need.

Why isn't the farmer more religious? He is probably as religious as other men. He may be more so. It is doubtful if he is as completely religious as he might well be. Why is this so?

It must be remembered that nature frowns as well as smiles. To the dweller in the city a summer hail storm is an episode of an afternoon; to the farmer it may be the destruction of half his year's crop and of all his profit. The early frost of autumn may give to the commuter that exhilaration that we call "the fall feeling;" it may cause to the farmers a loss of half a million dollars in a single state. So burning drouth, or excessive humidity, frequently recurring as they do, bring to individual farmers and sometimes to whole groups of farmers serious loss if not complete destruction. It is hard for the farmer to see the hand of a beneficent ruler in these aspects of nature's energy.

Probably, too, religion has not been interpreted to the farmer in terms of his fundamental relationship to the earth as God's footstool and to men as brethren. It is doubtful if many of the preachers have caught the vision of the spiritual relationships of the farmer either to his natural or to his human environment.

Unfortunately also the country church as an institution is probably to-day the weakest of our rural institutions. It is stronger in New England relatively than in any other part of the land. This is due in part to the fact that New England contains a great many farm villages or hamlets, in which are located the country churches that minister to a less scattered population than is the case in many parts of the West and South. New England has also had a high ideal of the ministry and insists that even the poorly paid country preacher shall have had a good education.

Is anything being done to strengthen the country church as the organ for carrying religion back to the farm? Yes, much. The rural survey of the Interchurch World Movement, if its results can be formulated and laid before the country people, will be an epoch-making piece of work and will reveal in nearly one thousand counties—about one-third of those in the United States—conditions under which the country church must do its work. The Federal Council of Churches has a Commission on Church and Country Life. The Home Missions Council has a committee on town and country. State Federations of Churches, like that of Massachusetts, have gone distinctly into the rural church field. Some five or six large denominations now have men in charge of a country church department. This you say is merely machinery. True, but it is machinery that is really at work mapping programs, holding conferences, stimulating pastors, helping to develop better methods.

Perhaps the most pressing need in the rural church is a more adequate preparation of preachers for specialized work in the country church. The country preacher ought to know the rural problem in its main outlines, so that he may give to his people the spiritual interpretation of that problem.

The rural people, too, must be more willing to make the country church a community force, and to support their preacher as a community builder and leader. Sectarian rivalries and feuds must give place to co-operation everywhere and federation in places.

Carrying religion back to the farm in America means the effort to spiritualize the life and labor o forty million people.

The Church and the Young Veteran*

George E. Fogg

THE Church has lost and is losing ground with the young veteran. Why? Largely, I think, because of the searching standards that his over-seas experience has given him. That clean-cut, clear-eyed chap has done his stations of the Cross, he has marched his *Via Crucis*, he has known his Gethsemane, he has suffered his Calvary, not once but many times. He has descended into hell, and even though he be here on this earth, the breath of his breath and the life of his life—his "buddy"—has ascended into heaven. The lesson of the New Testament has a deep, actual and terrible meaning to him. He probably hasn't told you, this modest Crusader, that patriotism may lead him to war with almost a buoyant step but that it can't support him in the fierce "slog-slogging" of grinding combat, in the daily, almost hourly, fight that racks brain and brawn until it seems that both will crack. Patriotism isn't enough to sustain a man against the onslaught of disease, exhaustion and sudden death of modern warfare. A man needs something deeper, more universal, more elemental. And so this chap, nonchalant and careless as he seems, has felt that need and has gone time and again to the depths of his soul, has faced that soul naked, and its Maker, in the long, tense moments before the man-made hell broke on him—and in those moments has acquired an insight, spiritual and otherwise, that is as clear and deep as the heavens on a star-lit night.

Now, in ordinary life, when a man undergoes that experience, when he feels that need, when he seeks and finds that peace that passeth understanding, he seeks some minister, some pastor, some one of the cloth, and, if he is fortunate, finds himself through a man that stands to him for the Church. And then the Church stands to him as well for that peace. But to our young veteran when he met his great experience, the Church came in no guise to help him, to point the way, to encourage, to console, to encompass. He fought it out alone and unaided, and he felt, and feels, that he owes the Church no debt—no allegiance—for help and succor in the great fight. Rather the opposite, for, unfortunately, almost every endeavor that connoted the Church to him became associated with selfishness and commercialism—with one exception only, in the despised and derided slum fighters of his other days. In the little Salvation Nell frying doughnuts under the crack of the shell, did he find one like himself—consecrated—and at the post of duty. Out there, "in the day and the dust and the ecstasy," the veteran fought his two fights—and the Church was not with him while he fought.

So much for "over there." Our young veteran might have forgiven, might have forgotten all the Church had not done for him in the field, if he had found that it had kept the faith at home, if he had come back to find that that spiritual mother had fostered and cared for his loved ones—for those women, his wife, his mother, his sisters, who had fought as brave a fight as had he, though a different one. If, I say, he had found that the Church had fought as fiercely for them as had he, he might have forgotten all. But, unfortunately again, he found that the Church had not fulfilled its mission. For he found a country and a people when he returned that were lost in materialism, that had acquired out of the war, not spiritual regeneration, but money—a country and a people that the Church had failed, in this great crisis, to lead into the paths of righteousness, and a Church that had allowed and assisted in the practical ostracism of those he had left behind—a Church that had failed in its mission to uphold, aid and assist, spiritually and otherwise, those whom he had a right to feel he had left as its charges.

I can make myself clear only by citing two instances, the experiences of friends of mine. One, a lieutenant, a member of a church in a small country town, left behind when he sailed a mother and a fiancee. On his return, after two years abroad, he found that his mother had died about two months before and, on going to her grave, he found it in a neglected condition, already forgotten. His fiancee he found married to a young man of the town who had avoided the draft, had made money in contracts—and who was an usher and an officer of the church.

Another officer returned to find that in the eighteen months of his absence his pastor had not even made a single call upon his wife, during that time of stress and strain when any day might bring the news of his death, found also that the ladies of the parish had slowly dropped her from their little social affairs, because "it is so hard to do without even couples"—found that she too had fought out her hard fight alone and without the Church. And as a final and artistic touch to the spiritual fellowship of the Church in their lives, his own first contact with it on his return was, not a note nor a call from his pastor, but a bill from the church treasurer for his church membership for the year that he had been "away." On the same desk with it lay, in silent rebuke, remitted dues from his lodge and his clubs. His name was engraven in bronze on the Honor Roll in the vestry of his church—but that was an ornament to "Our Church." His name was a vital, living force in that church only in its business ledger, and that on the debit side.

To his experience "over there," our veteran has added an experience back here that does not qualify but rather deepens and intensifies his convictions. He has returned to find that the Church that failed him at his crucial moment failed also his loved ones in their long Gethsemane. He has returned to find that the Church, whose connotation to him across was commercialism, greets him with the same commercialism here. He has returned to find the Church that should be the spiritual leader of his country and his people

*The writer of this article, Major Fogg, was president of the Maine Universalist Convention before going over seas. Read it, remembering it is written out of love and sorrow, not out of anger and antagonism. Above all let us not forget it until we have made it no longer true for any Universalist church.—*Editor.*

For Remembrance

A long, hoarse blast,
The brazen din
Of a thousand whistles—
A transport's in!

Blare of trumpet,
Battle of drum,
In faded khaki,
The victors come.

Confetti whitens
The streets below,
Wild, sun-smitten,
Like swirling snow.

The crowds are frantic,
They laugh and cry,
They wave, they shout,
As the boys pass by.

Arches of triumph,
Flags aflow—
Was it an age
Or a year ago?

Baldridge, in American Legion Weekly

Click of crutch,
Tap of a cane,
Two pale young soldiers
Limp by through the rain.

Harry Lee, in Outlook.

led by that country and that people in its own crass materialism. The Church has lost ground with the young veteran.

And the Church is still losing ground with him. He has come back from his experience clear-eyed, clear-brained. He sees through half-heartedness. He thinks through to the end. He knows that the world—and his own country and his own people—need most spiritual regeneration. He knows that the Church should be the spiritual leader and he sees the Church failing in that leadership. He knows the lesson of the New Testament. He has learned that it is the hope of the world, learned it in the most terrible school on earth—war—and he knows that the Church is not bringing that lesson home to the world in its easiest phase, peace. He sees that the average pastor finds more inspiration in the daily paper than he does in the New Testament. He feels that the Church is not carrying Christ's message and, by sad experience, he has learned that it, and those that stand for it, are not doing his works.

No, the young veteran is not saying these things. There are many other things that he is not saying as well, but that, as Kipling says, is another story. He is not saying these things because he is at home what he was "over there"—a clean, fine, upstanding, modest chap, who does not wear his heart on his sleeve or parade his feelings for the passer-by, but who does his bit, uncomplainingly and with a "cheerie-oh" for the other fellow who is "out of luck." But, make no mistake, his brain is as keen, as sharp and as silent as his bayonet—and does its work as well. He has tested the Church with cold, blue steel and he has found it wanting. I surmise, if you could get him to tell in what, he would say, in that which decides all battles—battles of men, of institutions, of nations, of powers and of principalities—he would answer you in military terms and with military precision—"Morale."

The Layman and His Government

H. C. Gauss

I CONFESS that I am not particularly fond of the word "layman." It reminds me of a type of man which I particularly loathe, one of whom asked me once with a disgusting snuffle, "Mr. Gauss, are you much of a *churchman?*" Churchman in oral capitals, explosive, dynamic, and all that sort of thing. I replied that I probably was as poor a specimen of a churchman as he would find in a day's travel, and he went on much comforted and refreshed by the comparison with himself that he evidently drew.

But so long as ministers are referred to as "the Reverend Smith" and so on, and doctors must squirm

under the familiarity of "Doc," laymen must, it seems, needs be laymen, and the present consideration is what relation a layman, that is to say a reasonsably constant attendant on the services of any particular church, should bear to his government and especially what a Universalist layman should think, say and do about governmental affairs.

I assume that my opinion on this point is asked because I am a disfranchised citizen of the United States resident in the District of Columbia, and therefore without responsibility to put into practise the rules of conduct which I may herein lay down.

Certain religious influences of which the Universalist Church is one of the most satisfactory examples have abolished for the general thinking the idea that we must patiently submit to earthly hardships and oppressions and look out for our recompense in the glorious beyond. The Universalist Church says today that we need not render unto Caesar those things that Caesar says are Caesar's, but that we may look into the matter and see if Caesar is not claiming something that does not belong to him. In other words, submission is not a religious duty, and, under certain circumstances, even revolution may be a religious duty.

This seems to open a field for economic thought as wide as the field for religious thought in which liberty and responsibility go hand in hand.

Specifically, because a layman of the Universalist Church has either thought his way to his religious position independently or has affirmed by his own thought the effect of the environment which has continued his connection with the Universalist Church, his government has a right to expect from him two things—support when it is right and opposition when it is wrong. On his own behalf he is pledged to find the truth so far as means are vouchsafed to him, and to refuse the sway of passion and prejudice.

He has forfeited the privilege of saying to himself and others that officials are all knaves and the people are all fools. He must not stultify himself by saying that men are capable of unlimited moral attainments and incapable of a better civilization than that of the present, and, indeed, that he fears we are retrograding economically.

The Universalist layman, to my mind, has not only the opportunity but the duty, within the sphere of his capacity as a worshiper in, and, to some extent, a governor of the Universalst Church, to make that Church a medium of investigation of the utmost possibilities of good government. I think it follows that, although he may from time to time choose certain instruments through which to impress, so far as he can, the better of two policies upon his government, he must essentially be an independent. The easy shelter of God and King, Church and State, my party, or my country, right or wrong, is not for him. Pledged to the support of truth, unfettered, unhampered and in the full liberty of thought, his is the responsibility of speaking the truth that he sees, as well as the responsibility of seeing that it is the truth that he speaks.

How far he may go or how advanced a stand he may take, that, it seems to me, is his personal affair. Whether for the sake of more immediate good he is willing to bide the bent of social revolution and the destruction of the framework of present social relations, tearing down the good with the bad that a better may be built, or whether he is content to announce the truth, and wait for its inevitable triumph even though it may be delayed beyond his earthly days, either alternative is a detail. That he seeks the truth, that he turns from no avenue of information, no matter what he fears may be its terminus, that he is willing to contemplate, to examine, and if necessary to accept any proposition having for its object the improvement of mankind, in social and economic relations as well as in intellectual and ethical phenomena, should be, as I believe, the attitude of a Universalist layman.

But while sharing this attitude with so wide a range of varieties of his fellow men at the present day, he does, as I believe, have this peculiar and distinguishing mark, that, in the good he seeks and in the improvement he proposes, he has in view no class, no creed, no stratum of society, that he is for men as men without respect to their accident of birth or place; that to him the ultimate destiny of the human soul predicates equal opportunity in the present state of existence, and that oppression and repression are not merely economic evils and temporary injustices to be remedied in another state of existence, but real and palpable obstacles to the realization of the ultimate salvation of every human soul.

The Christian and the World Order

Jesse H. Holmes

IT is a mere platitude to say that the idea of a perfected world-state did not originate with Christianity. From Isaiah down to the present time the Jews have expected, taught and urged the approach of the Messianic era. When they despaired of it in this world they looked for it in a transformed world either this side or the other side of death. The striking originality of Jesus did not, then, appear in his Messianic expectation, but in his insistence on the necessity of individual preparation for "the kingdom." It was to appear, not as a great re-creation put upon mankind from above, but by the transformation of individual life and character, wherefore each was urged to expand the world-state by the area of his own soul—"the kingdom of heaven is within you."

Paul reached the same noble conception of "the kingdom" as coming in the hearts and minds of individual Christians. Each was to replace his normal life by the Christ-life. "The old man is of the earth, earthy; the new man *is the Lord from Heaven.*" "I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me." The Christian Church was and should have continued to be the community of transformed humanity, making a world-state of good-will. Instead it has come to be a group of state-churches, each confining its ideals and activities

very largely to its own nation, and to such parts of the "heathen" world as are beyond the range of international hostilities. The war made it plain that the Christian Church is not a world institution. It had no world voice. It justified every form of falsehood, of cruelty, of hatred, that the war developed, each national church for its own nation; and it is ready to do so again. Through many centuries the Roman hierarchy kept alive the shadowy concept of the Church as the world nation. The Protestant break destroyed even that vague unity and centered the Church on the "saving" of the individual from some terrible future after death, essentially giving up the institutions of this world as evil and hopeless. It has never recovered its world message. It has never taken effective and powerful part in dealing with the evils in human institutions, because it has never accepted the idea that human institutions are worth saving. It never will take effective and powerful part so long as its vision is set on the life after death rather than on the life of this world.

This fundamental weakness should be fairly faced and dealt with. If the future life is in fact a life made hideous by the fact of the great mass of mankind in permanent torment, with a comparatively minute aristocracy of bliss, then indeed the whole interest of this otherwise insignificant life should be given to making that aristocracy as large as possible. But to most of the thoughtful people inside and outside the Church all this medieval belief of heaven and hell, sheep and goats, saved and lost, has become pale and unreal. It is inconceivable that any group of people who really believe that such horrors are in store for their fellows, should live the lives of ease and luxury characteristic of multitudes of church members. Yet with the loss of this terrible responsibility for salvation beyond the grave there has come no corresponding sense of responsibility for the saving of humanity this side of the grave. Of course there are noble exceptions in many official representatives of every Christian denomination. and in multitudes of individual members, especially with regard to problems affecting the health and morals of individuals and local communities. But there is no leadership, and little support for the international movements appropriate to a world institution. There was no joining of hands between the churches of enemy countries to prevent war, to mitigate its horrors, or to save the innocent victims after it ceased. There is no general and effective Christian spirit back of the efforts to prevent preparations for the next war. There is a great protest against the naval and military program before Congress because of the taxes involved; I have yet to see any united movement on the part of the Christian Church against it as being based on the principle of organized hate.

Now I do not believe the Christian Church has any future except a rather petty one, unless it assumes its primary duty as a world institution, not with the purpose of rescuing individuals from a prospective hell after death, but with that of saving the world through institutions of good will from being a present hell for multitudes of its inhabitants. Its members owe primary loyalty to mankind, rather than to any minor group. Patriotism in the narrower sense is allowed to them only so far as the welfare of their own country furthers that of the world as well. They can not support their country in any gain which is won by another's loss. They must insist that their *nations* be Christian, as well as individuals and institutions within the nations.

We need a new Protestantism—and perhaps a new division with corresponding reunions. Those whose religion is other-worldly should separate themselves and should recognize just where they stand, frankly giving up the world-institutions and devoting themselves whole-heartedly to the saving of individual souls from hell. Those on the other hand who, believing in the fatherhood of God and trusting Him for the great unknown beyond death, accept the responsibility of this known world, having faith in men because of their heredity from God, should get together and rescue the world from its exploiters. It should be recognized that the same old men, miscalled statesmen, who led the world into chaos, are still misleading the nations, continuing the same policies and plans, with the same methods and ideals, which brought on the collapse of civilization. If we had a Jesus, or a Paul, or a real representative of either, would it not be possible at least to gather a nucleus who really believe in good-will as the principle of world unity, who would live and die for it, not merely talk about it?

The True Church

Champe S. Andrews

SOONER or later, and in greater or less degree, every man must fix, as definitely as he can, his relation to the universe, and appraise the values of life in terms of his own culture.

At this stage of development, the idler, the dreamer, the coward, the clod, and the conformist, soon eliminate themselves from the realm of action. According to their temperament they drift henceforth as isolated bits of flotsam, or in groups of floating debris, held together by some bond of emphasis or by whatever force of attraction may be inherent in the mass.

But the ethical man of action, of virility, of leadership, by the nature of his temperament can not permit himself to drift. Having definitely appraised his values of life, he must, by virtue of his temperament, express these values in terms of his daily living.

At this stage of his development he, too, just as in the case of the parasitic types of men, must choose between isolation and co-operation, not, however, as a matter of ease or comfort or leisure or pleasure, but as a matter of choosing the most perfect form of self-expression.

There is a highly developed type of man who chooses the life of absolute disassociation from other individuals and especially from groups of men.

He is an individualist of a pronounced type—generally a man of great intellectual and spiritual

force. He sees at every turn the suffocation of ideals when they become imprisoned behind institutions. He sees the spirit of the law degenerate into the letter, generous impulses harden into slavish habits, spiritual aspirations made over into mere badges or symbols whose original significance is gone, progressive slogans of to-day become the reactionary shackles of to-morrow, and the vanguard of truth become the rear-guard of falsehood.

Sorrowfully he turns his back on institutions and organizations. Alone he follows the bent of his genius, suffering the loss of co-operation and paying the price of his individualism in the wage of isolation and loneliness. To the transcendental individualists of this type, to Emerson, and Tolstoy, and Ingersoll, and Socrates, the world owes much. They have leavened many an unwholesome mass in the progress of the world, and lighted many a torch when the world was darkest.

But there is another type of virile man who feels his work can be done best in unison with other forward looking men. Progress, accomplishment, to him seem best attained when he is part of an organized army marching systematically to a common purpose. Time does not permit us to follow him into the paths of education or politics or propaganda, should his goal lie down any of those paths.

Let us consider for a moment the tragedy of the man who seeks the betterment of human relations and the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth. Instinctively he turns to religious institutions, to churches, if you please, with which to ally himself, and to march under the banner of Christ.

I use the word tragedy advisedly! There seems to be a conspiracy between the various sects of the churches labeled with the word "Christian" to drive away, yea, to destroy those most useful and earnest men who come to do the Master's work. An orthodox bar of stupid creed or outworn dogma is wedged across the door of every sect. None may enter—none are welcome except those of immature or undeveloped minds who can accept these creeds and dogmas that obscure the real Christ. The hypocrite may enter, the social climber may enter, the rich man who could not get through the eye of the needle may enter—yes, all may enter who profess a belief in an impossible creed. But he who believes that to live the life of Christ is the test of Christianity and of life, and not conformity to a mental concept of this or that exploded and unworthy limitation of the Christ, is denied admission.

All the machinery of the churches is used to gather the mentally indolent and deficient, the uncritical, the uncultured, the irrational and the emotional, and to bar those whose hearts are heavy with the sorrows of the world, and who would join hands n the spirit of Jesus Christ to bring his Kingdom here to earth now, regardless of what their comrades to the right or left may think on a given point of theo logical and ecclesiastical twaddle.

The layman, anxious to serve, rebuffed at every turn, and anxious to be doing his Master's bidding, cries aloud to all who are thus denied to come together for a common purpose—and that purpose, action and service, not debate and peace.

With men everywhere hungry for a better world, over half of them are denied admission to the Christian churches. The reason is not indifference or hostility to Christ. Thinking men and women need no revivals to bring them to church. Eagerly they are everywhere turning to him whose name the church bears, only to find the scribes and pharisees and money changers bar them from service until a stultifying creed is first recited.

Shall we remain disunited and without fellowship? Shall we be tempted by those who, professing a liberal religion and a rational belief, have erected an altar where intellectual pride and vanity worship the God of Things as They Are?

Or shall we form a universal fellowship where all are welcome who yearn to make His Kingdom here on earth the supreme attainment of their loves and lives?

"There is a true Church wherever one hand meets another helpfully, and that is the only Holy or Mother Church which ever was, or ever shall be."

The Kingdom of God

Arthur Nash

SEEK ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added.

In the preceding verses the Master is talking about what we eat, drink and wear, but he says, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added." This can mean nothing but all we eat, drink and wear.

Let us place along with this text his words recorded in Luke 17 : 20-21: "The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation: Neither shall they say, Lo here! or, lo there! for, behold, the Kingdom of God is among you." (*M. R.*)

As I contemplate our seeking for the Kingdom of God I am reminded of the story of the shipwrecked sailors who were in their life boat without fresh water, and knew that if they drank the heavy salt water in which they were wrecked it would mean death. After many long hours they were almost famished and the weaker ones had to be restrained by the stronger to keep them from drinking the poisonous water. Finally, when their lips were parched, and their bodies so racked with fever that they lost their reason, one of them in desperation dipped up the water and drank. Lo, and behold, it was clear, sparkling, pure water. Dying of thirst in an ocean of cool, pure, refreshing water seems to me to be a true simile of the world's condition to-day. With the Kingdom of God among us, we are lonesome and isolated, yea, in the boundless ocean of God's love we famish and die of thirst.

"Seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness;" "behold the Kingdom of God is among you." The Kingdom of God is to be found here and now, and

we are to have our food, drink and clothing supplied after we find His kingdom.

This is the Divine plan for the human family, but in our shortsightedness we have declared this impracticable, and reversed the order; we are seeking all the gross things of life first, and then if we have a little spare time we spend it theorizing about how to get into the Kingdom of God.

"The Kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Let us, therefore, follow after the things which make for peace, and the things wherewith one may edify another." (Romans 14 : 17, 19.)

The Kingdom of God is among us; how shall we find it? What is the best way to seek after it? The Man of Galilee found it in service. He says, "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant; even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." (Matt. 20 : 27-28.)

The physician who goes to the bedside of the sufferer because of his fee will not find the Kingdom of God or true joy in his work, but the physician who sees in his suffering patient a brother, a child of the Universal Father, will find the Kingdom of God as Jesus did, among the poor of earth, yea, in the very slums of our cities.

Thomas Mott Osborne, when he had his head shaved and put on the penitentiary garb, and spent a week with the prisoners in search of the divine spark among the outcasts of society, found the Kingdom of God in Sing Sing.

In the *New York World* of Sunday, Oct. 3, 1920, we have the story of Convict No. 9653 in Atlanta prison, by Charles W. Wood. This prisoner was serving a ten year sentence, and had already served sixteen months. When asked regarding his life in prison he said: "Life isn't a thing of years, it is an expression of all that's in you wherever you happen to be. I was in prison; well, there must be something a man can do in prison that he couldn't do anywhere else. I have tried in my own way to find out what it was. Naturally, there was only one thing to do. If you are going to be of use to any one you must find some one who needs you, and so I have made it a point to look for those who needed some one most. That is all there is to this story of my doing anything worth while here. The warden didn't need me; the prison officials didn't need me. And the prisoners who were strong in body and mind, who were popular inside the prison and had influential friends outside—I couldn't do anything much for them. But there were some who were utterly friendless, some who had had their lives twisted by torture and abuse, some who were loathsome with disease—I didn't know that I could do anything much for them, but I could at least try."

Father Byrne, a spiritual adviser in that prison, said of Prisoner No. 9653: "When he was first brought into this room there was something in his very presence which made you feel that there wasn't any element of viciousness in him. One of the first things a prisoner has to do is to make out a printed form, telling of his religious leanings, his church preference and other things for the guidance of the spiritual adviser. 'No preference,' he wrote. Haven't you any religion? I asked him. 'Yes,' he said, 'I have one of my own.' He spoke very reverently when he said it, and I have learned since that he not only has a religion, but he has a religion which he lives in every act. I don't know anything about his political theories, but I do know that he believes in God, and that Jesus is his personal inspiration."

Attorney Samuel Castleton, who looks after the interest of certain prisoners in Atlanta, says that "Sam Orr is a negro 'lifer.' He committed some crime in his teens and was sent to the penitentiary. He had a fight with a guard in which the guard was killed and Sam was given a life term for murder. He is now approaching middle age, and the years since then have been filled with all the torture known to old-time prison 'discipline.' He has spent months at a time in a dungeon on bread and water diet, where the rats ran over his body and his only 'human' company was some mocking prison guard. He has been hung up by the wrists, he has been chained and flogged. He has even been deprived of water, and then, in the agony of thirst, had vessels of the life-giving liquid placed just beyond his reach. For Sam was always accounted a 'bad' man, and his jailers knew no other theory than that of punishment. Needless to say, Sam did not get right with God, or with any faction of mankind. Being a negro, too, his lot was particularly hard in Georgia. Sam to-day is an exemplary prisoner."

When asked what Convict No. 9653 did to Sam, the lawyer said, "Nothing in particular, just loved him and made him realize it."

Eugene V. Debs, Convict No. 9653, *found the Kingdom of God in Atlanta prison.* He proved that although hell fails to save "bad" men, love does save them.

This homely illustration of how one of the men of God of this age has found His kingdom, may at first seem to some not to be orthodox. A great deal of our difficulty seems to come from the fact that we have surrounded and buried our religion beneath an avalanche of theories, creeds, dogmas and catechisms, and then, as though this were not enough, have added forms, ceremonies and ritualism of church service until the real working principles of religion have been lost sight of in our daily lives.

I would that this message might be sounded around the world; that all of these things might be torn away, and the man Jesus stand forth in all his beauty of holiness, that we might behold him and that for which he stood in all their grandeur.

The life work and teachings of Jesus, after his anointing, were devoted to establishing a "social order" here in this world which he called the "Kingdom of God." He tells us to pray, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven."

He expects us to pray this prayer in the faith that the Kingdom of God will come to this earth, because in the same chapter he says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added."

In seeking the Kingdom of God we have so often labored under the impression that the laws of God were the arbitrary mandates of an autocrat, whereas they

are the expression of the workable and working principles of Divine love.

The Galilean has given us many beautiful illustrations of this "social order" which he called the Kingdom of God, such as the grain of mustard seed that grew and became a great tree, and the leaven that was put in the meal until the whole became leavened.

When he was brought down to the hour of his death, and even after he had told Peter, "The cock shall not crow, till thou hast denied me thrice," he said to his disciples: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also."

In other words, after devoting his life to the preaching of the "social order" which he called the "Kingdom of God," when he comes down to the hour of death, he turns to his faithful followers and says, This thing is true that the preachers, priests and rabbis have been telling you; there are many mansions in my Father's house, there is a Kingdom of God beyond this world, and if this were not true, I would have told you. I am now going there, and I am going to prepare a place for you, and when you have finished this life and done all that you can to build the Kingdom of God here and now, "I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also."

Again we say Jesus devoted his life to preaching and working for a "social order" which he called the "Kingdom of God," and when the parting time came he said, even though I have not preached it, Even if my gospel has been devoted to righteousness in this world, "if I were not so" that in my Father's house are many mansions I would have told you, so don't let your hearts be troubled about that.

What a blessed and precious promise this is to those of us who devote our lives to an effort to build the Kingdom of God here, and at times seemingly fail. This discouragement should not come to us, because he tells us that it is like planting seed in the ground, we can not see the immediate fruits; it is like putting leaven in the meal, we must wait for results.

It is the eternal, indefatigable, always triumphant principle of Divine love, working through the hearts of men toward their fellow men in every act of life—in the home, in the school, in the industries, in the factories, yes, and in the church, that will work out the hope of the Man of Galilee in this world. This is the Kingdom of God that we are to seek first. When we have found it and established His righteousness in our industries and factories, as well as our homes and churches, his promise that all these temporal needs shall be supplied will be abundantly fulfilled.

Making the way so clear that none need fail, the Great Teacher continues until he reaches the climax of the Sermon on the Mount, and then sums it all up. "Therefore," he says—because the right way is to seek the Kingdom of God and His righteousness first—"Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets."

All the hopes of the prophets, all the aims of law, are fulfilled in the daily application of the Golden Rule.

"The Kingdom of God," the "social order" that Jesus taught, is found in right human relationships. Then, blessed be his name, when all is finished here, he says, Let not your heart be troubled about your next home; the things they have been telling are true—"If it were not so, I would have told you."

Is Religion a Man's Job?*

William P. F. Ferguson

WHILE the notion that religion is not a "man's job" seems to us wholly without foundation, it is not without excuse, nor, all the facts considered, is it remarkable that so many strong, virile men, interested in real things and the doing of real things, have been led to entertain it. The reason for the false conception lies in the character of much that passes current as "religion"—lamentably remote from realities as they are experienced and grasped by real men.

If religion were, what so many "religious" people appear to think it is, a sort of spiritual fire insurance, we grant you that there are many things more worth while. If religion consisted in the observance of petty sets of musts and mustn'ts, it would be difficult, it seems to us, for men who are conscious of the vast possibilities of life to take any deep interest in it. If the religious life were best exemplified by that class of unhappy pious people who constantly go about in an air of anguished supplication, tormented by petty daws of scruples, perniciously subjecting every impulse and motive and attitude to a nervous self-examination which proceeds upon the assumption that everything natural is wicked and forever picturing to themselves an overhanging cloud of divine grief or divine wrath, that man who had "no time for it" would seem to us wise.

But religion, if we apprehend its real character, has not the slightest resemblance to anything of all this; it is so infinitely remote from it that it is one of the world's bitterest tragedies that millions who live under the delusions suggested, never dreaming of anything better, sweeter and brighter, are soul-hungry for real religion and do not even know for what they hunger.

Religion has to do with life, with the active doings of life in its most common and lowly as well its highest and broadest spheres. We remember hearing it defined as "the attitude of the heart and soul toward the great issues of righteousness and justice,

*The writer has been requested to prepare this discussion for a "laymen's number" of the *Universalist Leader*, and responds, however, with the *caveat* that, technically, he is not a layman, though in fact, he has for years lived in the occupation and atmosphere of the laity.

toward the coming of the Kingdom of God on earth."

Perhaps the definition limps a little from coming, as it did, through the vocabulary of a great theologian; it might serve the practical purpose better to say that religion is the attitude of heart and mind toward the progress of the race; is the control of life by the impulse to bear a hand in the great work of heaving up the sunrise of the Better To-morrow.

Possibly we come even closer to everyday thinking when we fall back upon a well-worn formula and simply say that religion is just the service of God and man—if we keep it clearly in mind that there is no possible way of serving God, save through the service of man. The failure to keep that clear has robbed that definition of reality in too many minds; it is worth a distinct effort to restore the illuminating idea to its proper place.

The religious man, then, is the man who, purposefully and determinedly, uses his life to serve his fellows, in any sphere where he lives his life. There is no sphere barren of opportunities for such religious service; such religion waits for no holy day or holy place or set circumstances or even for "spiritual occasion." Every field of association, every avenue of movement, every crossroads of chance, is alive with such opportunity for service to the common brotherhood of the children of God. To find the man who has no opportunity to serve men, you must find a Crusoe without a Man Friday; the minute another life rises over the horizon of any life, the opportunity for service comes.

Of course, you must remember that we are not saying this in the realm of the old theology that calls nothing "religious service" unless it has a "spiritual character"—the delivery of a solemn warning or the bestowing of an edifying tract. We are going back to the older and better theology of Jesus, that says a vast deal more about giving drink to the thirsty and food to the hungry and clothing to the cold-starved than about tracts and religious instruction.

Of course we are thinking of help for movements for civic betterment, of fights for clean politics, of the battle of health against disease; we are thinking, too, of giving a tired old man or woman a "lift" on the road, of inviting the discouraged man whom everything is going against to a good lunch and a cheerful talk-over, of saving the paper to give to the newsboy on the corner to sell again, of stopping to pick the unfortunate youngster from the mud and wipe the dirt from his face.

In the personal sphere the religious man makes for the prosperity and happiness of those to whom he is close in the bundle of life—our visible neighbors. In the broader sphere he does his part in the great achievements by which the world is being built into a New Jerusalem—not the city of sanctimony suggested too often by that picture, but a community of active rightness, even-handed justice and harmonious progress.

The religious man is a patriotic constructive statesman. Not that he is seeking by legislation to establish either the will of a Lord Bishop or the will of "Lords Brethren" over God's children, but in that, as we spread a religion of light and harmony and hope—and in the last analysis only so—we make our land a land of real freedom and true courage; a land where none wears chains, whether of ignorance or of pernicious poverty, and none needs to fear.

It seems to us that to live a life that fits into such a scheme of things, to order life so that it ministers to such ends, is a work great enough and an accomplishment satisfying enough to be a real "man's job."

The Layman as a Preacher

Victor A. Friend

"THE road to Bethlehem is the longest road on earth," said Margaret Slattery not long ago. Could Adam and Eve, as they departed from the Garden of Eden when this journey to Bethlehem commenced, have seen what we now see, they would have discovered a sign-board pointing to this road to Bethlehem, which said "Peace on Earth, Good-Will to Men." But their eyes were not opened for them to see, so they took the wrong road, and down through the ages men have traveled sometimes on the right road for a short distance, but mostly on the road that led to strife and turmoil.

After some thousands of years, a leader with clearer vision than the rest, with higher ideals than the others, with a purpose for a life of service, discovered that human nature needed a code of rules, and taking himself into the solitude of a mountain, that he might be close to the God within himself, he originated the "Thou shalt nots."

Time sped on with history full of additional road rules for our journey, when, nineteen centuries ago, one came whose enlarged vision discovered a new conception of road precepts which, if carefully followed, would soon end our long journey towards Peace, the "Thou shalts:" "Love one another." "If thine enemy smite thee on the one cheek turn to him the other also." "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you."

While the originator of these additional road rules was cruelly murdered, yet, in spite of this, humanity got a fresh start. Still here we are with a four years' record just behind us which tells us, in words written in the blood of millions of human beings, that the road rules of the murdered prophet of nineteen hundred years ago have been grossly neglected.

Growing out of the passions and mistakes of the ages, has developed one vehicle which shows promise of having some transportation value for our journey—the Church.

If we agree that the Church is the best, yes, the only usable vehicle available, where do we, the laymen of the Church, fit? Are we just dead freight? Are we only passengers? Are we a part of the crew, or are we those who are idling along, playing no vital part in this journey towards Peace and Freedom, and by idling, or through indifference, impeding progress?

All through the ages, and to-day, humanity has produced, and the spirit of an unknown force has de-

veloped, leaders of religious or right life, who have naturally taken the leadership, in this organized body of society, the Church, which through and because of all the obstacles, has now come to be recognized by its followers, or its knockers, as a shining light in the wilderness, and from now on it must go forward under the masterful guidance of those whose hearts, lives and determination are filled with the Christ spirit of Peace and Good-Will, and who will not allow their purpose to be changed nor kept from following the rules which will insure a safe and successful journey.

If we, the laymen, are dead freight, all right, let us be dead freight, but we must and should pay for the space we occupy; if we are passengers, let us pay our fare and ride first-class; if we are a part of the crew, we must go to work earnestly and with a purpose; if we are idlers, analyze life as we may, we must eventually admit that the spirit and teachings of Jesus will, if followed, bring this world into a state of peace and good-will. Society must work this out in an organized way. The Church is the best thing in sight. So let us, like intelligent human beings, get aboard and help this thing through to a successful issue, and thus face the future with the conscious satisfaction that we have done our part.

We laymen can and must preach, by our daily lives, and service for and through our Church, if our Church is to be a real power in the life of the world.

The Building of Battleships

Parker Snow

THERE are three sound reasons why this country should not continue to build giant battleships, and only one manifest reason why it should.

First. Such a course is a confession on our part that we failed to gain the objective for which we entered the war.

Second. It shows an ignorance of the progress of naval development.

Third. It is an economic sin.

Three counts against one in favor.

Whether or not our statesmen realize it, the factor that had the greatest weight in urging our great public to their magnificent support of the war was the determination that there should be no more war. The disgust, approaching hate, that filled our people against the Germans was because the Germans planned for and promoted war, because they broke the peace. The hate was not inherently personal or racial.

Some day more praise will be given America than has yet appeared in evidence for its voluntarily changing, over night as it were, from peace industry to war industry, for its magnificent creation of an efficient and tremendous army, for its outpouring of vast sums of money to provide the sinews of war and for the support of the many organizations that strove to ameliorate the awfulness of war; and for the sudden change back from war activities to peace industries when the foe called for quarter. It is a spectacle that was never seen before. The unfortunate quibble over the wording of the verdict by our clumsy machinery for making peace is the only blot on the great picture, but the blot will disappear if the spirit of the picture is maintained.

If our objective was gained and there is no more war, battleships are an anachronism and the first count is proved.

If the war has taught us anything it is that battleships of giant size are useless against submarines and aircraft. Before these modern weapons had been tried out battleships had some scope, but the spectacle of the great German fleet huddled at Kiel and the British at the Orkneys shows their uselessness in modern war. Hence count two is proved.

Thirdly, it is economic sin to build these monsters because they are no sooner completed than they are obsolete.

The only manifest reason why these ships should be built is the ignoble one of furnishing an excuse for the maintenance of a highly developed corps of naval experts.

There is a move on the part of England and Japan to cease this nonsense—largely from lack of funds perhaps—but a brave move nevertheless. Let this great and rich country encourage this move by joining with it rather than to belie its slogan of peace and attempt to overawe the nations by a show of arrogant financial power.

My Dream of the Kingdom of God in China

From an Essay in the "Smith College Monthly," Written by a Young Chinese Girl

I DREAMED that I was led by an Angel to see the Kingdom of God in China. First the Angel brought me to Pekin, the headquarter. There I saw the President and the Cabinet busy themselves in working to meet their people's needs. The spirit was that of a true democratic one. Both freedom and discipline were present. No forced discipline was needed, because they had the positive freedom. All worked for the same end, all for the benefit of their people. The President didn't act as if he was the exceptional honorable one, but worked as if he was a servant.

By and by I was surprised to see the President go home without body-guard. I asked my guide, the Angel, about it. He said, "Kingdom of God in China is a perfectly peaceful Kingdom. None is going to do any harm on others but to help one another as much as possible." I asked again, "It is peaceful inside of China now, but isn't she afraid of other countries? Has she no military man?" The Angel said, "Is the Kingdom of God afraid of any worldly powers? Her invisible powers will conquer all. Do you think that the Kingdom of God does not go to other countries too? If she hasn't arrived, China will help her fellow countries."

Then the Angel carried me to Nan-King. We

arrived at the railway station. There were people of any different kinds of business, but everybody treated each other as if they were brothers. They were really good social beings, with sincerity, sympathy, mutual love, help, spirit of little children, and all the characteristics of a real democratic government. The people were almost all grown-up people, but they had the desirable characteristics of children. I couldn't see any craft in their hearts.

I saw a man carrying a big iron bed unconsciously hurt another man's leg. He didn't even let the other man know that he had done him wrong. His leg was painful, but he didn't grumble a word. I asked him why he was so kind, and he said, "My little friend, don't you know that the citizens of the Kingdom of God are willing to forgive all the time? The other man injured me unconsciously, therefore I didn't stop him. If he did that deliberately, I would give him helpful constructive instruction, so that next time he will not do the same thing to his fellow men."

The citizens were truly democratic. Nobody was given equal abilities, but they made themselves equal by contributing, every one, his best. Everybody had a chance to develop all the abilities that he had, and to use them to the full. There was no distinction between different businesses. It was better to be a first rate weaver than to be a poor teacher. Everybody did what he could do best.

Presently the Angel came up to me and brought me into the city. I expected to see the high heavy city wall, but I didn't see any. We got to the center of the city. Ethical and religious order prevailed everywhere. There was no oppression, no injustice, and no discontent. Everybody lived happily in his family. Feeling rather hungry, we went into a house. The hostess was very hospitable. Soon a table was fully covered with delicious food. We ate with the family. The home was so restful that I didn't want to leave. But we had to see other places. As soon as I stepped out, I noticed the street. It was very wide and straight even and clean. All the needs of the people were provided. All that were discussed in Pekin parliament were put into action. Public gardens, swimming pool and playground were scattered here and there. The people had no bad places to go. I think they never wanted to go any places like that, for their homes were comfortable and they had these public places to enjoy.

We saw educational institutions and churches established here and there. Every boy and girl went to school without compulsion, for teachers gave their instruction so effectively that every child just loved to go to school. Education that was given made children grow from within, made them reconstruct their lives continually, so that they could keep up the high ideals of the Kingdom.

Finally the Angel showed me the industrial quarter. There was no child labor. All workers were educated, therefore they did their work efficiently. I asked one of the industrial leaders about how much money he could get in one day. He said, "We do not care for the material money. We do our best in supplying people's daily needs; others contribute their best in educating and serving. We never let money obscure our sense of value, nor dwarf our personality, nor dim our sense of brotherhood. In short, we never let money come ahead of the aims, the ideals of Kingdom of God in China."

I was awakened and was disappointed to find that all was but a dream. After a few minutes I was comforted by the parable of the Kingdom of God given in the Bible, which shows that Kingdom of God comes by a slow growth as mustard seeds do. It does not come by revolution but by evolution. The beginning and the approaching of this dream of the Kingdom of God in China is not far away, but here and now in China.

Editorial Correspondence

From the Southland

STRAWBERRIES and cream. The real thing — the berries fresh off the vines, big, luscious, sweet and fragrant, not the remains of a thousand miles of transportation in cold storage. Well, there are some compensations for the loss of the altogether picturesque winter of the North, which one can enjoy in artistic memory, with so much less danger of being bumped on the ice or stalled in the snow. A man in the North sent me, with sinister design, because he envied me my sunshine and strawberries, a picture of the doorway of his home, all festooned with ice, with fairy grace, to show me what I am missing. I am passing it around among the friends here to hear them say, "Oh!" And they say it. I am missing it, to be sure; I am also missing being a millionaire, and for both the missings I am devoutly thankful, for I know from experience how hard the ice can bump, in spite of its artistry, and from observation that there are a good many bumps in the road of the millionaire!

A change of garments will adjust our bodies to this perpetual summer, but it is not so easy to make the mental adjustment. It seems the cold must arrive to-morrow, and the snow the day after, but the days come and go, bringing only glorious sunshine and balmy breezes which encourage the innate laziness which secludes itself somewhere in the nature of the best of us. Among our visitors there is little effort to resist the alluring goddess of indolence, for mostly we have lived long enough, and worked hard enough, and in some way or other got money enough to afford it for a few weeks. Note I say "we," because I have lived long enough and worked hard enough, but in a way I am the greatest curiosity in the exhibit, because I am still working in order to stay here. When I decline to go on some pleasure excursion "because I have to work," I am looked upon with suspicion, which simply reveals that I can put up a pretty good bluff! But here is a condition and not a theory; the fixed conclusions regarding when and how to do things, and what things to do, which were all settled in the North, are wrecked within a month. We like to think human nature is always the same, but it is not. Even the human nature of the individual changes, and he be-

comes a new creature. And this is as it should be; an unchangeable human nature is a dead human nature and hopeless. The whole work of the Church is to produce a better brand of human nature; that is our point of contact through which we are to improve society and open the door to the incoming kingdom of heaven which has been on the way for two thousand years—but punctured a tire or something, a little way back.

Human nature is bound to change either for better or for worse, it can not remain static. There is our chance; also the devil's chance, and sometimes it seems to me he has more enterprise in a minute than we have in a year! And it seems also that he has the easier job, for it is far less of a task to push people down hill than it is to pull them up. Now I do not mean that these delightful people on a long vacation are predilected towards anything really bad, but the way they let go of the impulses and restraints of other days simply presents a new problem. There is nothing really harmful in preferring strawberries and cream to icicles and coal bills, but when we make the change our human nature changes with our change. At one stage we choose the sunny side of the street and at the other the shady, which shows that we are different, not necessarily better or worse, but subject to different influences.

Mostly people here have nothing to do—I am thinking of the winter visitors—and therefore it is very hard for them to do anything. I have found that if I want anything done I must get the busy man to do it, he is the only one who has any time! People who are punctilious in the performance of duties, both secular and religious, in the North, easily lapse into laxity here; they would go sailing or fishing if it were not for the long walk to the wharf; they would go to church on Sunday if they could get up in time, or if there were not a promised ride or a picnic, or some other diversion which serves to divert. We have really excellent concerts in the park every afternoon and evening, but the psychological pull of the Sunday concert is most effective. It seems to be the neutral ground between the religious and the secular.

But under these different conditions many people go to church. There are big churches and little ones, and generally they are filled and some crowded. It seems to depend largely upon the music, while the sermon is incidental. Here there are two kinds of churches of the same kind; that is, there are Northern Methodists and Southern Methodists, Northern Baptists and Southern Baptists, High Church and Low Church Episcopalians, and the remarkable thing is that differences between these churches of the same kind are more marked than between them and the outsiders. Theologically they are almost identical if judged by the official statement, but practically, with the Methodists at least, the Northern church is classed as liberal and the Southern as conservative, and people speak of the one as broad, and the other as narrow.

We attended the Northern Methodist recently, for possibly the same reason that an old lady gave, "because it is so near!" And, as another said, it is more like an entertainment. There is a great choir of fifty voices with some excellent soloists, and it is really a musical entertainment, a good one, and not out of harmony with the community service of the church. The minister preached a very good practical sermon. What interested me especially was the announcement on the "Bulletin" which every one received, under the conspicuous heading, "Church Membership," which read, "Any person who loves Jesus Christ and desires to follow him, is welcome to the fellowship of this church. Candidates for reception should present themselves at the altar during the singing of the last stanza of the closing hymn at any Sunday service." Certainly here is all the liberty any one could ask for. At the service we attended one candidate came forward and was received without questioning, and the Bulletin announced that at the service on the preceding Sunday two had been received. I was unable to learn whether there were any strings to this fellowship, but from all appearances, if this church is representative of modern Methodism, the old Orthodox Church in which I was raised has made marvelous progress. But from reports, the other church, by going to the other extreme, keeps the theological balance.

It can not be said that the loss of interest in theological questions is general; many of the laity still take theology very seriously and it is not uncommon to hear its discussion in mixed groups. And some of the ministers save their theological face by interjecting into the midst of the otherwise liberal discourse that there remains always the necessity of accepting the atoning blood of Jesus if one would be saved. But it is safe to say that theology is not stressed in this city. It must be remembered that Miami is not a Southern city in the winter. One-third of the population of one hundred thousand are here to stay, and many of these are from the North and West. In fact Florida as a state is made up so largely of Northern interests and people that it is unique.

Many of the Northern people who have settled here are very favorable to liberal views. When they removed from their old homes they cut many of the religious and social ties, and from three different places I have received letters saying that the writer is hungry for a reasonable religion which he can use in his daily life. One man, living seventy miles north of here, wrote me that he had gone way up to Atlanta, Ga., to join Dr. Keirn's church, because he felt he must be connected with some organization which stood for a liberal Gospel.

There is a work for us to do in the South, and a peculiarly interesting work for our Church here in Florida. There are many more people outside of all churches than there are in them all, which simply indicates that religious thinking is as mixed as the population. By and by, as conditions become more stable, there will be a settling, and just what will settle and where it will settle depends on the work of all the churches now being done. It is a long process we are facing as a people. To hurry it is to endanger it, to neglect it means sure death.

Our church is cheered each Sunday by newcomers, nearly all being winter visitors, but occasionally one of the established residents who has reached the stage of settling. Of course we feel the handicap of no fitting place and time for worship, and there is no

getting away from it, we must have a church building, and we are going to, but we shall build it not from the steeple down, but from the ground up.

This morning I heard my first mockingbird—they do not begin to sing until nesting time—and I was filled with joy and eagerly followed the sound and found it—a nearby concrete-mixer which needed oiling!

F. A. B.

My Job

The Rev. Willis A. Moore, D. D.

WHEN one is busy, it is easier to keep on doing things than to write about what one is doing. But sometimes friends want to know, and a promise is a promise—so here goes.

For nine months, the writer has been Manager of Industrial Relations for the Dodge Manufacturing Company, of Mishawaka, Indiana. In some companies this office is known as that of Personnel Manager. It is the latest development of what used to be called "Welfare." Welfare is certainly a good word, but it came to denote "things done for," and had a tinge of charity about it which was not relished by the independent employee. Some firms retain the older name and office, but most have dropped it along with the paternalistic efforts which were found to be a mistake even if prompted by the best of motives.

In Industry to-day, the slogan is not "working *for*," but "working with." "Labor" is seldom treated as a "commodity" simply. In this new day, Labor is increasingly regarded as "a living soul" which, given proper treatment, is capable of becoming a "life giving spirit"—not so many "hands," but so many heads and hearts.

This proper treatment is the study and business of the Personnel Manager: a study of Human Relations in Industry and a business of putting these relations in the best possible adjustment for the accomplishment of the greatest amount of good. Readers of a church paper will not fail to see that this is a real ministry, requiring tact, sympathy, experience and vision.

But my promise was to tell the readers of the *Leader* what I am doing in more intimate detail. First of all, you will want to understand that our business is primarily that of "power transmission," *not* the making of an automobile that bears the same name. The "Dodge Idea" was a novel, simple and effective way of transmitting power from engine to machinery by means of rope belting. Here at the Mishawaka Plant—the main plant—you will see the endless rope running over the many grooves in the huge wood-rim fly wheel in the power plant, silently, smoothly, ever going and returning. And without, you will note the smaller pulleys overhead bearing other series of rope belting from shop to shop, belting that, naked and unprotected, laughs at all kinds of weather and keeps merrily at its task.

These smaller pulleys overhead are of iron, and we turn from the woodshop, where all styles of wood pulleys are made, to the foundry, where pulleys are cast, some tiny, some mammoth. Or we may visit another department where pulleys are fabricated of pressed steel. On the way you have noticed long, shining shafts being turned, and have seen men working at hangers and couplings.

From these swift glances, you will know that our chief work is to provide factories in every land with all kinds of mechanical power transmission equipment. This work is carried on in Mishawaka, Indiana, in Oneida, New York, and in Toronto, Canada.

But power transmission has other forms of expression to men of imagination and enterprise. Thus you will find another Dodge factory here making a famous "heavy oil engine," transmitting power by combustion from oil instead of gasoline. In another plant, you will discover a happy family of workers transmitting power from veneers into beautiful wardrobe trunks which may be dropped on the sidewalk from the roof of a five story building without suffering injury external or internal—the well known "Indestructo" trunk!

But this is not all. The latest Dodge idea is to transmit the power and beauty of the human voice or musical instrument in perfect reproduction through a machine. This machine is the "Seabrook Musical Instrument," developed and perfected by our Mr. Seabrook of Mishawaka, which is being manufactured in another of our separate units here and will be on the market by the time you read these words. I could tell you more about this baby of our power transmission enterprises, but some day you will hear for yourself what miracle can be accomplished by a life-long study of the intricate science of acoustics.

You know now what the Dodge Manufacturing Company is doing and you must have made several pretty good guesses as to the personnel of the big Dodge Family. You have guessed that we are a happy family. We are! We are happy at our work, happy at our play, happy in our homes.

At this time of widespread depression, when hundreds of thousands of factory men are out of work, we have not laid off a man or reduced a wage! We may have to come to it if the slump continues. But the point is that Dodge is last to be hit in hard times and first to recover. This is due partly to the nature of our business, but mainly to the spirit of our management. A few years ago, the company stacked in warehouses a million dollars worth of product rather than lay the men off. It took nerve to do this, and it took heart!

This is the secret of our happiness—we are a family—and the family has a heart. On December 24, Dodge Goodfellows took forty Christmas baskets to homes where sorrow or misfortune had entered. On this day, also, our foundry men got together a purse of $90 with which they surprised one of our nurses. The relation is a personal one. We like each other here. We don't preach about it, and Mr. Mix may fire me for blowing so much in this article, but, when you least expect it, some fellow Dodge man does you a mighty good turn. And the rule is, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth"—

or is it the *right* hand? You see we are not much on Scripture *as read*. But for Scripture *as lived*, I have not found a worthier people.

Houses are built and sold at cost to employees. Wages are always above the average. Thrift is encouraged. Last year the sum of $130,000 was handled by the Dodge Thrift Club. This club is a self-imposed check on a universal human frailty which every reader of this article will acknowledge.

Another club, the Dodge Mutual Relief Association, is a benefit society carried on by employees to give financial aid in sickness and death.

And so I might go on to tell you of many associations and enterprises that have grown up through the years, such as the Dodge Club, Quarter Century Club, Dodge Manufacturing Company Band, Girls' Band, hospital equipment, commissary and cafeteria service, the *Dodge News*, a splendid factory weekly, etc., etc. All you want to know about these is that, when Dodge has anything, that thing is the best of its kind. This may sound Western—even Californian!—but we think it is true. As long as we *think* so, we are contented and happy.

We are forming an Athletic Association to take charge of activities on our new Dodge Field—a fine tract of twenty acres lying along the beautiful St. Joseph River and within fifteen minutes walk of our farthest plant. Several years will be required to develop this, but, when completed, we intend it to be the finest industrial play field in the Middle West.

Men like to work here. They are free. They are fearless. Each stands on his own feet and looks the world, or the President, or his fellow worker, squarely in the eye. We do not hurry, as is the way with some, and there are no drivers here. We like to do things well. Seventy of our men have worked here more than twenty-five years, some of them thirty-four, thirty-six, and forty years. These men are the backbone of the company—these quarter-century men. You should hear them talk about the Dodge Family and what it has meant to them. Perhaps they wouldn't tell you, but they have told me, and you can see it all in their capable, happy faces.

The new men see it too, and when men come to our employment department they are received courteously, kindly—all of them. If we have no place for them, we do all we can to help them find suitable work elsewhere. That is the Dodge spirit.

When I began my duties, President Mix handed me a list of activities of which I was to make a survey. The significant thing to me was his note about a certain activity—"How best serve the *community*. How best serve the company!" When all leaders of industry put the community first and figure how much they can put into the community—not how much they can take out of it—America will be a better place to live in.

My work? It is new here. My business is more effectively to organize and direct the abundant goodwill of this big family. Not all days are bright. Not all problems are easy. Splinters of various kinds get into the feet of Industry. The writer (I had almost spelled it *righter*) has sometimes been referred to as the official "splinter picker!" But all call me "Doc," and if they like me as well as I like them, I'm satisfied.

After all, the most important power transmission is that sent out from the human soul through various lines of co-ordinated service. My job has to do with this vital co-ordination of lives, aspirations, joys, sorrows, problems of the day's work, problems of Eternity.

The job is as big as the man can make it.

Meeting of the Trustees of the General Convention

Chicago, Ill., January 18, 19, 1921

The Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary

THE opening of the new Western Denominational Headquarters in Chicago offered an opportunity for the Board of Trustees to accept the invitation of the Western members of the Board to hold a meeting in Chicago. Through an unfortunate combination of circumstances several members were not able to attend, but the meeting was a busy and encouraging one even though the numbers were smaller than usual. The Board was able to get in personal contact with many of the leaders of the denomination of the great Middle West, and through the resolutions adopted by the Ministers' Meeting and the speeches made in presenting these to the Board, the members gained a new insight into the problems and the opportunities of this important field of work. Nothing has been more striking for some time than the emphasis laid on the large number of opportunities for a new and larger work than we have done before and on the determination of ministers and laymen alike to make the most of these promising days.

Representatives of various auxiliary organizations presented reports which in every case were forward looking, showing that not only are they increasing in size but also in efficiency. Every one of these representatives was earnest in his or her support of the Membership Crusade which is bringing such a challenge to all of us to-day. The spirit of forward-looking, progressive co-operation is manifest throughout the whole Church.

One of the pleasant features of the Board meeting was the presence of the Rev. Marion D. Shutter, D. D., for many years a member of the Board and President of the General Convention.

Aside from matters of routine business, many items from the reports of the officers of the Convention will be of general interest, although space permits only a very few. First, there was an emphasis laid upon the rapidly increasing spirit of unity and co-operation between all of the auxiliary bodies and the General Convention, a division and centering of responsibility upon the officers of the Convention, and a marked co-operation between the ministers and members of the local parishes with the general organization.

Second, there was a brief review of what has been

and is being accomplished by means of the Drive money. The opening of the new office itself is a direct result of the Drive. The reports of the Mid-Western Superintendent, the Rev. Luther R. Robinson, and of the Southern Superintendent, the Rev. F. B. Bishop, telling of churches revived, new ministers settled, men seeking a larger field of usefulness brought into our ministry, new movements started or projected in important centers—all made possible by Drive funds, gave a new tone and spirit to the reports from the mission fields. The greatly increased interest in the Japan Mission, due partially to the advance made at Shizuoka through Drive funds, partly to the fine work being done by the Board of Foreign Missions in raising quotas for this work, was very marked, the Secretary reporting that the contributions for Japan during the month of December were by far the largest ever received during a similar period so far as the records show.

Third, the General Superintendent reported on the progress being made in the Murray Membership Crusade, and announced that the Crusade is gripping the imaginations and vision of our people and is going forward with increased power and promise. Among other items authorized by the Board was the publication of a Hand Book for church members, especially for those who join the General and State Convention Churches, giving information which will be useful for them in this relationship. This was the result of a great amount of work by the Council of Superintendents and was heartily approved by the Board.

Many plans were presented for the consideration of the Board. One very important one was contained in a resolution passed by the Ministers' Meeting in session at the same time, urging the Board to ask the deans of the various theological schools to confer with the purpose of preparing an intensive short course designed to prepare laymen for missionary work and for supplying pulpits where no minister is available. The Board unanimously adopted this resolution and will proceed at once to carry it out. A further resolution from the Ministers' Meeting provided for the organization of a definite policy for using laymen in the extension work which is pressing for attention in that section and for which the ministerial supply is entirely inadequate. This is to be under the supervision of the General Superintendent and to be directed by a committee consisting of the President of the Chicago Ministers Association, the Mid-West Superintendent, and a layman to be chosen by these two.

These two resolutions face squarely the greatest problem presented to the Church at the present time—the problem of man-power to carry on the larger work awaiting us. Every speech that was made in presenting the various resolutions to the Board eventually struck this problem from some angle. Would we start new preaching centers? Where are the men? Would we revive old parishes? Where are the men? Would we enlarge our mission fields overseas? Where are the men? That is our critical problem as a Church and these laymen and ministers of the Middle West are not only stating it but are doing what is far better, taking definite steps to solve it.

Plans were suggested whereby the General Convention is to co-operate with the Publishing House in producing and circulating a large amount of literature stating the modern Universalist position in modern terms. Through libraries and the mails it is hoped to spread the Good News of Universalism far more widely than it has ever been done before.

Through the John Murray Lectureship preachers and lecturers are going to many parts of the country to give our message in a variety of ways, and the results are justifying all of the time and energy and money involved.

No radically new plans or policies were adopted at this meeting, the determination of the Board being to carry through to a successful conclusion those already under way which are being accepted and approved by the local workers as shown in the enthusiasm with which they are undertaking them. The Board is a unit in desiring to try out the policies already begun before they are abandoned and new ones substituted. We shall thus gain stability in our forward movement.

One Committee appointed at this meeting is of interest to the whole Church—the Program Committee for the session of the General Convention to be held in Detroit, Mich., in October, 1921. On this committee President Galer, the Rev. V. E. Tomlinson, D. D., and Secretary Etz are to represent the Board of Trustees and the Rev. Chas. F. Patterson and Miss Flora Parker are to represent the Detroit parish. Correspondence regarding the program should be directed to the Secretary at Headquarters. It is hoped that all who have suggestions to make as to the general program, special topics, and individual speakers will freely communicate with the Secretary at the earliest possible moment. Beginning thus early we can work out a worthwhile program if all will co-operate.

This report can not close without a word of appreciation from the Board of Trustees to Dr. L. Ward Brigham and those associated with him for their splendid hospitality, to Mr. Tilden and Mr. Galer, their fellow-members, for the efficient way in which the program was developed and for the pleasure of the banquet, to all of the laymen and ministers of the Middle West, who did so much to make the meeting so delightful and so successful. It was one of the great occasions of our Church history.

* * *

A WOMAN IN JERUSALEM

W. H. Morse

THE most earnest and zealous Christian worker in Jerusalem is a woman. She is known as Madame Christine, and all the city and the surrounding country know her and her service for Christ. Hers is an interesting and remarkable story. Of noble birth in France, upon completing her education she turned away from the world and became a religious, entering one of the Roman Catholic convents in her native land. After a while she transfered her residence to a convent in Jerusalem, where she observed the religious life.

Soon after the signing of the armistice made it possible for her to do so she undertook a visit to France, going by way of Port Said. At that gateway to the East and the meeting-place of the East and West, the British and Foreign Bible Society has long maintained an agency, which undertakes the distribution

of the Scriptures in hardly less than one hundred different languages and dialects. The depot is under the charge of Mr. C. T. Hooper, who employs a number of colporteurs, who not only work among the Moslems, who comprise more than ninety-two per cent of the population, but as well among those who, passing by, stop at the largest coaling station in the world. It makes little if any difference as to who tarries there, the provincial council permitting colportage with any and all—travelers, soldiers, sailors, shipmen—both on the ships and on land. "The Gospel for all," is the slogan, and all are served.

It was an Italian colporteur who addressed the French nun, offering her a New Testament in her own language, which she purchased. On shipboard, on her way to France, she became interested in reading it, and before her feet touched her native soil she had made up her mind to have the mind of Christ Jesus. It was a little while before she formally embraced the Protestant faith, and, cutting her visit short, returned to the Holy Land, there to invest her missionary spirit. Mr. Hooper, whose charge includes Palestine and Syria, equipped her, and under the shadow of her former home at the convent she went to work, and the service has continued for nearly or quite four beautiful years.

The French language is predominant among the people, and she is diligent in her Christian undertaking. Her most particular interest, however, is among the Jews, and she makes use of every possible means to attract and interest them.

"I explain the prophets to them," she says. "I put them face to face with the evidences of Jesus as their Messiah King, in whom all that was of old prophetically told has been fulfilled."

There is in the Holy Land an immense harvest of Jewish souls waiting to be gathered in; and she maintains that she has "a lifetime of harvesting" before her. "They purchase the New Testaments," she writes, "and this evidences that it is the right and proper time for our serving. In this Holy City our duties are more numerous, and our responsibility before our Lord is greater. Oh, let us redouble our efforts! The hour is solemn. Oh let us multiply our efforts for Christ! At the gate Israel is knocking. It is for us to open up to them, since the Gospel of Christ is the key."

Her devotion to the Jews does not prevent her from other service. Especial interest is taken in the French and Italian Roman Catholic soldiers, who, on receiving the Scripture from her hands, promise her to "never discontinue the reading of it," and to take it "home" as seed for the Kingdom.

"Everybody" is said to know Madam Christine in Jerusalem and its neighborhood, and at the recent annual meeting of the Bible Society at London, the Duke of Connaught, president, particular mention was made of this elect lady's service, and heartiest credit was given her in the report, which said:

"Our Bible depot at Jerusalem was never so busy as during the past year. Notwithstanding the extra cost of the books, and the great difficulties of transport, the output for the past year has been a record. No fewer than 9,326 volumes have been sold, consisting of 5,327 Bibles, 1,703 Testaments, and 2,896 portions of Scripture. And these were in forty-eight different languages. For the first time the sale of complete Bibles formed more than one-half of the total, and far exceeded the sale of Testaments or portions." And in this work no one is more active than she who was a French nun, Madame Christine.

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Waste-Paper-Man

I RODE upon a railway train. And I spent the night in that chief torture of our Hurried Civilization, even in a Sleeping-Car. And I slept well; and so, as I judge from my shoes, did the Porter.

Now in the morning, the train stopped long at a Junction. And I looked out of my window, and behold, a little Park. And it was littered as if there had been a Band Concert there on the night before. For there was Waste Paper of many kinds and in Great Abundance. There were Paper Bags that might have contained Peanuts, and boxes that had contained Cracker-jack, and bits of Newspaper, and Soiled Programs; and if there be any other kind of Waste Paper that people leave in Parks, they were there, and Then Some.

And I looked, and behold, one man with a Sack. And the Sack was suspended from his neck, and was behind him and upon the left of him. And the mouth of the Sack was held open with an Hoop. And the Mouth was not wide, but was Wide Open; and whatever dropped into the Sack blew not out, but stayed put. And the Sack was a Great Sack, and contained as it were Two Bushels.

And in his right hand did the man carry an Iron Spear, even a Rod that was sharpened at the end. And the other end was shaped like an Handle.

And he walked through the Park, and he thrust the Spear through the pieces of Paper, even the Newspapers and the Programs, and the Peanut Bags and the Cracker-jack boxes. And he dropped them into the Sack. And when the Sack was full, then did he empty it into a Burner of wire that I beheld behind the Shrubbery; and he burned the Papers with fire. And he came yet again and did likewise.

And even as we waited, the Park began to look Respectable. And I saw that before the Sun had risen high in the Heavens his job would be done, and that which had been an eye-sore would be a place of Beauty.

And I considered this, and I said, One sinner destroyeth much good; but one Righteous man who goeth about doing good can do something toward evening up the work of many sinners. For behold, the crowd that scattered the papers were many, and this man is but one; but he goeth straight at the business of making his part of the world better, and he delivereth the goods.

And I considered that there are people in the world, and I know a few of them, who Brighten the Corner Where They Are. and who go quietly about making this world a Safe and clean and happy spot and make no fuss about it. For the Crowd that doth eat Cracker-jack and yell Rah-Rah-Rah and scatter

Paper, maketh a big stir in the world, but the world doth little note nor long remember the beneficent work of the Waste-Paper Man.

And I considered those good and quiet souls in whose presence all Scandal doth die; who take up no reproach against their neighbors, but who go quietly through life quieting false rumors, and healing life's little hurts, and doing it without any fuss, and I thanked God for such good folk.

Then did I meditate upon the way in which the Human Race hath littered up this Planet since first Adam and Eve did Feed Peanuts to the Elephant in Paradise, and forgot to pick up the Bag; and how the soul of the Infinite Father hath been grieved through the long ages over the way we have mussed things up. And I considered the Patient Love of Him who bare our sins, and put them behind his back, and cast them into the depth of the Sea. And I have great hope that the sins of the many shall not outweigh the infinite grace of the One.

But I considered that it would be a very good plan to tell folk to be a Little More Careful not to litter up God's Park, but to keep clean and wholesome the good world in which our heavenly Father hath permitted us to play.

* * *

WHAT I BELIEVE

Helen Line

I believe firmly in one God, who is the Creator of all things and the Father of all men. Like a loving father He is ever present, watching over us, ready to help us help ourselves. He works through us as His children to better the world and win it to His kingdom. Since I believe that God is the Father of all, I naturally believe also that all men are brothers. We are told in the Bible that God made man in His own image and that all men are from the same ancestor.

Jesus is to be God's only Son, sent to spread the gospel of Christianity over the earth. Although he was sent to us from and by God, he was human as we are, and his life is one we may well try to follow. I look to him and his teachings as to an elder brother, who is ever ready to guide and direct me along the way of life.

My Bible is to me a revelation of God. It gives in clear and simple style His hopes and fears, His plans, and His commands for His children. In it may be found passages which fit every problem of life. Many of its stories I do not believe literally, but I take them simply as a means of teaching us valuable lessons.

I believe also that each one of us will be punished for all his sins. This will take place not because God is a wrathful and merciless Father, but because of His love for us. By punishment we are taught to do better things. I can not conceive of God, our infinitely tender and loving Father, as condemning His children to everlasting misery because they do not live perfect lives.

But after our punishment is completed, I believe that we will all finally be united with God in His kingdom above the earth. This is the final goal toward which all Christians should work. We must strive to establish the Kingdom of God on earth so that we may finally enter the Kingdom of God in heaven.

MURRAY MEMBERSHIP AND CONSTITUENCY CRUSADE

Reaching Prospects

How the Minister May Do It

Methods of approach to prospective church members and constituents are of great importance. Many ministers used the "Christmas Letter" appeal suggested in the Crusade Text Book and in "Team Work." The results in all cases were gratifying.

We give below two other angles of approach to the people you wish to influence. One minister, whose church publishes a weekly paper, has inserted in it the following paragraph:

"This week, with the Crusader, goes a church membership application blank and an addressed and stamped envelope. The First Church of Cincinnati, through the medium of this paper, invites you to become a member. 'Every One Win One,' is our motto. If you have already joined this church, return the card with the name of some one else upon it. Members will be received the last Sunday in this month. If you are a member of some other church, you should write for a letter of transfer at once. Apply to the church clerk or the pastor where your membership now is."

The sending of the "addressed and stamped envelope" referred to is important. An approach of this kind must be followed up, but it is bound to be a good "starter."

A second minister goes after the prospect in this way. A letter, like the following, accompanied by a small card with this inscription upon it, is sent out:

I desire to become better acquainted with the Universalist Church

Name .....
Address .....
Date .....

"*Dear Friend:*

"In the . . . . church we have the happy church home of many; but there is room for more, and we are sending this invitation to you, if you are not an attendant elsewhere, to make your home with us. Any Sunday we will be glad to see you, or at the social functions of the church. If you come will you not hand the enclosed card to one of the ushers or to the pastor, that we may know where to call upon you and to send you some of our church literature? We believe we have something to offer which you will find worth-while.

"Won't you try us and see?"

In the Crusade book of suggestions there is reference to another method found to be very effective in which prospects are asked to write on a card every reason they can think of why they should and every reason why they should not join the church. Have you read about it? Have you tried it? Have you mislaid your book of suggestions? If so write us and we will send you another copy.

How a Layman May Do It

A long step forward has been taken when a layman as well as the minister sets out to approach the prospective church member or constituent. One such layman sent out a post card with the following message on it:

"The Church of the Messiah Calls You

"Following the plans of the Universalist Forward Movement, your church asks you to enter into the work of doubling the membership of each organization in the church. One hundred per cent gain is our goal as a denomination. In last year's drive for money we were first in Maine and fourth in the denomination to go over the top. Our loyalty to our church demands that we again reach an equally high standard. With your help the results may even surpass those of last year. Then we pledged our money, now we pledge our service.

"Your help means success."

This card was sent out by Mr. F. H. Simonton, Church of the Messiah, Portland, Maine.

Another layman, Mr. Samuel T. Cushing of Arlington, Mass., sent out the following letter:

"The Murray Anniversary Crusade in the Arlington Universalist Church

"*Dear Friend:*

"A movement is now under way throughout the entire Universalist denomination to increase the membership of the church and all of its auxiliaries, in order that the work which they may do both individually and collectively may be greater in amount, more vital in character, and more far-reaching in effect than ever before. This movement is called the Murray Anniversary Crusade, being so termed in recognition of the fact that 150 years ago John Murray, newly landed from England, delivered the first Universalist sermon ever preached in America.

"The Arlington Universalist Church, wishing always to be at the fore in any such denominational movement, will seek to increase the effectiveness of its work in keeping with the spirit of the Crusade. One of the first requisites to a successful church is the attendance at the Sunday service of worship of a large proportion of the people forming its constituency. If you are a regular attendant we commend you for your interest an bespeak a continuance of that practice. If you are an irregular attendant, or if perchance you don't come at all (unless it be because of physical inability), we suggest that you carefully consider the matter of your church attendance with a view to making it regular. *Don't worship God by proxy.*

"At your church you have preaching of the best. You will suffer a distinct loss if you are not in attendance. We urge you by your presence to support an institution recognized as one of the principal factors in maintaining a Christian standard of living in the community."

* * *

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Charles A. Alden

Feb. 13.—LESSONS ON CITIZENSHIP

Matthew 22 : 15-22: 34-40

Standpat Critics

The Pharisees took counsel. Like many people who want counsel they were careful to select counsellors who would surely agree with them. It was not admitted for a moment that there might be anything wrong with them. They were so thick-skinned that they took no hints. Nothing short of a kick can register with the thick-skinned. In precisely the same way will many read the Bible, study this lesson (perhaps no farther), and "consider" the undesirable conditions of our civic life. The Pharisees were not interested in testing the truth or worth of their own opinions. These were theirs. How could any one dare question what had been so long settled? Neither were they concerned with the argument as to whether the way of Jesus would be more productive than their own for public welfare. Compare in teaching the ways of denominational leaders of to-day. How do they seek counsel? When these insist on their own way without any up-to-date testing they also (whether orthodox or liberal), whether deliberately or not, move to do away with Jesus. Compare also partisan positions in politics and how regardless they are of public welfare compared with party power. Yet that party would be surest of power which consulted most the public welfare. Many will admit that about parties who will dodge the test for churches.

Politics and Religion

Many think the question of politics and religion is one conceived by democracy. It has always been present. These Pharisees had not been successful with Jesus in argument on religious grounds, so they try to trap him into some treasonable statement concerning the government. It works both ways. In the church we doubt the soundness of the minister's theology if we do not agree with his political views. Compare in teaching the action of the New York legislature on Socialists, ousting them on a technicality. Regardless of our own attitude on the Socialist Party—and the writer most decidedly holds no brief for it—there is involved in this action the right of a legislative district to elect its own representatives, which is vital to true democracy. Compare therefore the attitude of the other members of the legislature with that of the Pharisees in our lesson and you will see that the lesson is not misnamed.

Political Repression

The question that is now put to Jesus is exceedingly clever from a political angle. Not only does its importance hinge on whether he shall be loyal to Caesar, from the standpoint of the existing government, whose representatives of course would be incensed if he said not to pay tribute; but it also hinges on the matter of a temporal kingdom to be restored to Israel, which is the one thing that obsesses the disciples of Jesus and causes him more trouble than almost anything else. Nothing that he can say to them seems to have any effect on this inherited belief. It remains even after his death and then centers on his quick return. These would be as incensed if he said to pay tribute as the others if he said not to. How much of this feeling among the disciples was known to the Pharisees is uncertain, but it may easily have been another attempt to divide the followers of Jesus in their own allegiance. That is not an uncommon political attempt to-day. It is one of the most common efforts of politicians to divide reform forces. Think of denominations as a divided force in the world. Have the Pharisees made good on their policy with us, although they failed with Jesus? Are we making the same kind of answer he did? Attempts at political repression take many angles. Personal advice to the minister to be careful on certain subjects in his preaching, no matter whence it comes, is of the same nature. Threats and bribes of subtle nature also frequently lure some from what they know is right. "It might hurt you in your business" is one such. Propaganda of press, platform, or personal intercourse against reforms, because not personally satisfactory, regardless of public welfare, is of the same. Then laws of repressive nature are proposed. The ways of the enemy are not always frank and above board.

The Image and Seal

The simplicity of Jesus' answer surprises. It is complete and unanswerable. Render to Caesar what has his image and to God what is made in His image. Compare in teaching fiat money and fiat Christianity. Then also real wealth, of which fiat money is only a symbol, and real Christianity, of which the fiat kind is only an imitation. Compare tribute with taxation, an acknowledged power of government. We usually condemn tribute now, because it seldom meant that those paying it got anything for it. What do we get from the taxes we pay? Think in terms of the fire, police and health departments. When we do not get our money's worth we pay tribute rather than tax. As you see Jesus meeting this question think of what line should now exist between the Church and State. If religion and government are both powers in human life, in what are they alike, and in what different? Suggestion of principle, that government is largely of the type of Old Testament commandments, "Thou shalt not," while religion advances into the New Testament type of "Thou shalt."

Commandments Never Repealed

The decalogue with its details of negative form has never been repealed, but the two commandments given by Jesus, quoted from the Old Testament, but not, when he spoke, regarded as law, fulfil all the requirements of the decalogue and then go much farther. Compare some of the old commandments in light of the new. Ask the question if anybody who loves God and neighbor could violate any of the old commandments. Jesus was able to answer religious questions as simply as he did those of government. Are we? It is comparatively easy for us to meet new situations with new laws in the state and yet keep all our fundamental principles of government unharmed. Is it as easy for us to do this with our religion?

Neighbor Love

Never was there a time that demanded more emphatically that we study the practical meaning of neighbor love. The starving in the old world are a challenge. How well are we meeting it? The Japanese question of American attitude on the equality of races. What is true Americanism? What is true Universalism? The pressing questions of justice in industry all come under this head and Universalists point with pride to the A. Nash Company, in Cincinnati, which runs with satisfaction and profit under the Golden Rule. Do you know of others who are trying this? How about your own business?

* * *

NOTES OF THE MORNING

Caught Through the Early Mists by a Staff Reporter

I believe that God never needed to be reconciled to man, for I accept as the profoundest truth of the New Testament the assurance that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that every one who believes on Him should not perish, but have eternal life." Those passages that speak of God's "wrath" against men I take to mean something very different from human anger. God's wrath is the tremendous reaction of a holy nature against everything that is evil—reaction that any man can understand in part who has ever turned with loathing from something vile and base. To my mind, the most serious of all heresies is the teaching that we needed to be saved from God, that our Father in Heaven was once in a state of vengeful wrath against sinners, that demanded to be somehow placated or appeased. . . . Penalty in the moral order is not vengeful, it is educative, disciplinary, reformative. Some tell me this is to take a "light view of sin." Which is the "lighter" view, to say that the sinner must bear the illimitable consequences of his sin, pay the penalty to the uttermost farthing, or to teach that he can escape penalty altogether by taking an immunity bath in the "fountain filled with blood?" (*Henry C. Vedder, Open Forum, in the Baptist.*)

There is an angel hidden in the clay,
Gnarled and misshapen, of the veriest clod
Lost and unlovely, on the world's highway;
There is the breath, however faint, of God.

Under that mask dark Fate has bid it wear,
There are dim dreams of fair and far-off things;
There is a heart that knows love, grief, despair;
There is a soul that, dreaming, stirs its wings!

Walk then life's highway as on holy ground;
Not with the lash of scorn, or heedless wrath—
Lest in the Golden Book these words be found;
"Once a torn heart lay quivering in your path."
(*Behind the Mark, Luella Stewart, in Christian Advocate.*)

Why does God save? One answer is that God saves because of moral obligation to His creatures. Here they are in sin; God made them; would He not in the very nature of morality do what He could for their redemption? Saying that they are to blame for their condition is only partially accurate. The individual did not ask to be born, did not ask in his infancy to survive, did not select his nature, did not choose his bent toward evil. He came into life in the image of God, born in God's world, subject to God's laws, liable to the world's temptation. Society does not blame him that he is born ignorant and generally preferring not to be educated; it lays plans for his education, and he takes or leaves the chance to learn. If he is ignorant through his own choice, then society blames him. (*The Continent.*)

The spirit of Jesus Christ has a wonderful way of breaking forth in the most unexpected places. I would be less hopeful of the ultimate universal sway of Christ if I felt bound to believe that he strictly confined his activities to the machinery of his organized churches. I am eagerly waiting to see what the world will be like when all these other sheep are gathered into one fold under the guidance of the one Shepherd. Is this too big a dream? Not if one believes in a universal Christ who can never be satisfied until the last man is won, a Christ who knows all languages of mind and heart and aspiration, and is so tolerant and patient that he is willing to let every man hear and understand the voice in his own tongue. It may not be my way, or yours, but through some medium Christ will make himself known to every flock everywhere. This is a day for faith, no doubt. (*Bishop Fred Bohn Fisher of Calcutta, India, in the Christian Advocate.*)

Faith will lead us to regard all men the world around as brothers, and to treat them as such, even if it involves risks and spells unselfishness—faith in our wives, our children, our friends, our critics, even when they misunderstand and misinterpret us—faith in our enemies, that they too are sons of God, and are to be, and will be, won to love us if only we follow Him. (*Wilfred T. Grenfell, in the Congregationalist.*)

Remembering that religion made the Bible, not the Bible religion, that the test of inspiration is the truth and vital value of what is said to be inspired, not the book in which it is found, whether it be the Bible or the Koran, that myth, legend, allegory, story and parable may be instruments for teaching eternal truth, that the Bible grew as the religion it portrays grew and thus has in it that which is outgrown, that much in our Bible belongs to the history of our growing religion and is not vital to-day, that we want more certainty and authority, of the right kind, not less, and that we should test all by our highest authority, the essential spirit and teaching of Jesus, which embodies universal and ultimate religious truth—remembering these things, we have a fair point of view from which to interpret the Bible and find what is essential, vital, permanent, and also what is non-essential, transient or injurious to the highest Christian life as we should live it to-day." (*The Study of the Bible, in the Congregationalist.*)

In what is the ploughman to differ from his horse? Is it not in the fact that the man sees meaning in the work which the horse doesn't see? The power to discern wider relations is the power that distinguishes the man from the brute. He knows that he himself is not an isolated unit, and that nothing he does can stand by itself. The power by which man rises to realize that his relation is a universal one is the power of the religious faculty. Religion is functioning truly in him when he knows that all things make one vital whole, that interests apparently the most remote are essentially related, things transient acquire an eternal significance, appeals to sight and hearing becoming properties of soul and spirit. To assert the divine relation of all things, to see everything in God and to relate everything to Him, to know the Universal Life which includes all, to feel that whether we eat or drink, work or worship, live or die, it is under the Lord, *i. e.*, unto the Universal Life, to relate everything to the great all which includes it, is the functioning of religion. The function of the pulpit is the culture of this religion, its endeavor must be to keep men always in sight of this great truth, that in its light they may see, and by its dignity, they may estimate, the minor details of life." (*Editorial, in the Christian Work.*)

* * *

THE WORLD'S RELIGIOUS MEMBERSHIP

The following table is quoted from "The Freedom of India:" Christians, 564,510,000; Confucianists and Taoists, 300,825,000; Mohammedans, 221,825,000; Hindus, 210,540,000; Animists, 158,270,000; Buddhists, 138,031,000; Shintoists, 25,000,000; Jews, 12,205,000. In Europe there are 374,760,000 Christians and 14,050,175 members of other faiths. In Asia, 28,700,000 Christians, and 863,400,000 of other faiths. In Africa there are 9,050,000 Christians and 149,871,000 of other faiths. In North America there are 102,700,000 Christians, and 10,235,000 of other faiths. In South America 36,600,000 Christians and 1,400,000 of other faiths. In Oceania, 12,700,000 Christians and 42,925,000 of other faiths. The total population of Europe is approximately 450,000,000, and that of Asia, 872,522,000. Equally armed, how long can Europe fight Asia?

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

ONWARD

Thank God a man can grow!
He is not bound
With earthward gaze to creep along the ground:
Though his beginnings be but poor and low,
Thank God a man can grow!
The fire upon his altars may burn dim,
The torch he lighted may in darkness fail,—
And nothing to rekindle it avail,—
But high beyond his dull horizon's rim,
Arcturus and the Pleiads beckon him!

Florence Earle Coates.

THE LOST ESSAY

Willard N. Jenkins

"HULLO, Patches!"

"I say, Patches, you're earlier than usual. Got your dishes washed in good season, didn't you?"

"Say, Patches, are your hands getting tender, having them in water so much, or do you wear gloves when you're washing dishes?"

"How's Aunt Peggy? I suppose her 'rheumatiz' is as bad as ever. She won't be able to do your patching much longer, then what'll you do?"

To these unkind speeches Will Clayton made no reply. His face flushed slightly, but that was all. He was a tall, thin boy, who looked as though he had seen hard times, as indeed he had. His garments were clean, but patched and ill-fitting. He went quietly into the schoolhouse, and to his accustomed place, but his eyes were dim, and his heart throbbed excitedly. How he hated to be called Patches! And how he hated the thoughtless boys who were his school companions, but not his friends. Yes, he certainly hated them, and he felt that if he could injure them, he would. If his father and mother were living, things would be different. But he was an orphan, with no near relatives, and Aunt Peggy Green (she was aunt to everybody in the village) had taken him in out of charity, and was sending him to school, and in return he did what he could for her, sometimes washing dishes.

Fred Moore, a leader among the boys, was his chief tormentor, yet Fred was not really bad at heart and did not realize how much Will suffered. Fred had a pleasant home, kind parents, and a little sister who was the apple of his eye.

"Well, how'd the boys use you to-day?" asked Aunt Peggy, when Will went home at night.

"Just the same," replied the lad bitterly. "They called me 'Patches' and jeered and laughed. And one of them taunted me about washing dishes."

Aunt Peggy looked troubled. "I wish I could get you some new clothes," she said.

"If I get the prize for the best essay, it will help."

"Do you think you'll get it?" asked Aunt Peggy eagerly.

"If Fred Moore doesn't. He's a good writer."

"Well, I hope you'll get it. Five dollars would help a lot. I'm sorry the boys use you so. You're as smart in your books as any of 'em, and will get on in the world, I guess. You're a good boy, and I'm glad I took you in."

"I'm not good, Aunt Peggy. I hate the boys; I wish I could hurt them, some way."

"Dear! dear! you mustn't feel like that. Do 'em a kindness in some way, if you can—help 'em. That'll be the way to heap coals of fire on their heads."

"I'm afraid I couldn't, Aunt Peggy," said Will, sighing. "I'd rather the coals would be real, live, glowing ones."

"Dear, dear!" said Aunt Peggy again. "But you'll get out of that way of thinking—you'll just have to, you know. Set the teakettle on, dear, and we'll have supper."

The next morning, when Will was on his way to school, he espied a folded paper just below the edge of the sidewalk. He stooped and picked it up, and when he saw what it was his eyes sparkled and he uttered a little cry of joy.

"It's Fred Moore's essay," he said to himself. "I will destroy it and then I shall be sure of the prize. He can not write another in so short a time, and I heard him say that he had destroyed the first draft. The five dollar gold piece is mine."

Will concealed the essay in an inside pocket and went on his way. The boys laughed and jeered as usual when he entered the school yard, but he paid no attention to them. He was thinking of what Aunt Peggy had said about doing his tormentors a kindness. Here was a chance to heap coals of fire on Fred Moore's head by returning the essay to him. But would Fred really appreciate such an act?

"I don't believe he would," Will muttered. "And I'm going to make sure of the prize."

Will failed in his lessons that day, and the teacher looked at him in mild surprise. The boy was miserable and scarcely knew what he said or did. He went home, with his mind full of conflicting thoughts, and could not eat any supper.

"I thought you'd like these warm rolls," said Aunt Peggy kindly. "Are you sick?"

"No, Aunt Peggy, but I can't eat," and then out came the story of the lost essay.

"Where is it now?" asked the old lady.

"In my pocket."

"Now, Will, there is just one thing for you to do."

"And I know what that is. I must take the essay to Fred, and tell him how I was tempted to destroy it. But what if he refuses to forgive me?"

"I do not think he will; but you will be doing right at all events."

So Will went to the handsome house where the Moores lived and rang the bell. A servant came to the door.

"I wish to see Fred," said Will, with quaking heart.

"He is in the library with his father. Come in," said the girl, looking at him curiously. She knew he was not in the habit of visiting Fred.

As Will entered the library, Mr. Moore was saying, "If you have lost your essay and haven't time to prepare another, there is no more to be said. I am sorry, but perhaps you will not be so careless in future."

"Here is your essay, Fred," said Will, his voice trembling slightly.

"Where did you get it?"

"I found it this morning on my way to school."

"And why didn't you give it to me before?"

"I—I didn't think I'd give to you at first. I planned to destroy it."

"Why didn't you?"

"I was too unhappy. It would have been a mean thing to do. And I hope you'll get the prize," Will added generously.

"Thank you. But if you had destroyed my essay, it would have served me right. I've been hateful to him, papa," added the boy impulsively. "I've called him 'Patches' and annoyed him in every way that I could."

"I am very sorry, my boy," said Mr. Moore gravely. "It is no disgrace to wear patched garments."

"Here's my hand, Will, and I hope we shall be friends after this," and the boys shook hands warmly.

And Fred won the prize, but Will gained many friends and there was no envy in his heart.

* * *

MAKING FRIENDS

When Mrs. Doe moved right next door,
My mother went to call;
Her best silk dress and gloves she wore,
She didn't go till nearly four,—
It wasn't fun at all.

But I made friends with Danny Doe
As easy as could be;
I climbed the fence and called: "Hello!
I've come to play an hour or so,"—
And Danny smiled at me.

Why grown-up folks can't act like me
And Danny Doe, I can not see.

Marjorie Dillon, in Christian Register.

* * *

A LAND OF CONTRASTS

Mongolia, a land of contrasts—of camel caravans and motor cars, skin huts and telephones—now is one of the least known of Asiatic countries, but gives promise of a rich future.

It is tucked away beyond the northern border of China proper and is conceived of by many as largely made up of the Gobi Desert, which doubtless has the reputation of being one of the most desolate wastes in the world. As a matter of fact much of this "desert," while parched prairie in the late summer, is covered with succulent green grasses in the spring. It is closely comparable to the plains of Kansas and Nebraska. This prairie country is excellent grazing land and supports numerous herds of antelope, and also furnishes pasture for large numbers of horses, cattle, sheep and goats.

The Mongols were once such hardy and efficient warriors that they subdued and ruled all Asia and part of Europe. They are still physically fit and capable of standing privations and hard service, but they are in the grip of a pernicious and enervating religion—Lamaism, a degenerate Buddhism introduced from Tibet in the thirteenth century. This religion of superstitions and degrading practises has created a vast army of priests and monks who live in squalor in groups of thousands about the temples and monasteries. In the holy city of Urga, capital of Mongolia, 15,000 priests abide in huts clustered around three temples.

The streets of Urga resemble a circus or the stage at the Hippodrome. The women wear costumes as ornate as any to be found in the world. Their hair is "ratted" a foot or more on each side of their heads, rouge-like splotches are placed on their cheeks to denote their ranks, and their gowns are of brocaded cloth in brilliant colors.

Most picturesque of countries, Mongolia is also the most benighted in some respects. The cruelties practised in the prisons are almost unbelievable. Convicts are confined in coffin-like boxes, too low to allow them to sit upright, and too short to permit them to lie at full length. The "long timers" frequently suffer atrophy of the arms and legs.

In their method of disposing of their dead the Mongols are almost savage. The bodies are taken to an isolated spot and fed to dogs. As one result the wolf-like dogs of the country are very ferocious and when the opportunity presents itself they will attack living persons.

In traveling from Peking to Urga we crossed the Gobi Desert in motor cars. We passed many camel caravans, furnishing a most striking contrast in methods of transportation. Much of the "desert" near China proper has been reclaimed by the Chinese who grow grains and potatoes successfully.

By using our motor cars to chase antelope over the level plateau and noting on our speedometers the speeds attained, we established the surprising fact that these creatures can run at the rate of sixty miles an hour. At such speeds the rapidly moving legs of the antelope become a mere blur like the whirling blades of an electric fan. The bodies of the animals seem to be floating at a terrific rate a few feet above the surface of the ground.—*From a Bulletin issued by the National Geographic Society.*

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"BUT FOR MY OWN THOUGHTS"

Spending some weeks at a "lodging" near Wordsworth's home in the English lake district I made good friends with my landlady, one of the old type of English servants now rare. I had been to the church and heard her vicar preach; and had also learned that her opinion of him fairly coincided with my own. When I saw her, then, one Sunday afternoon going out in the pouring rain to church I foolishly said:

"It's a rainy day to go to church, Mrs. Stone, especially to hear *your* vicar."

"Indeed, and it is, sir. There's many a time I wouldn't go to church but for my own thoughts."

Need I say that I was rebuked, put on my coat, too, and went to church, "for my own thoughts?" What a silence will creep over the heart, even when people in the aisles are chattering, if we will sit there alone, for our own thoughts! What an unseen temple it makes of the soul to rest it in its own thoughts; how poor all going to church is without that! How foolish to go and leave our thoughts at home! Undoubtedly good preaching is better than bad preaching, but then there are always one's own thoughts to go to church for, and that is enough.—*George Lawrence Parker.*

* * *

HIS SCANDALOUS STATE

A young fellow who was the crack sprinter of his town—somewhere in the South—was unfortunate enough to have a very dilatory laundress. One evening when he was out for a practise run in his rather airy and abbreviated track costume, he chanced to dash past the house of that dusky lady, who at the time was a couple of weeks in arrears with his washing. He had scarcely reached home again when the bell rang furiously and an excited voice was wafted in from the porch: "Foh de Lawd's sake, won't you all tell Marse Bob please not to go out no moh till I kin git his clo'es round to him?"—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Marietta B. Wilkins, 52 Essex St., Salem, Mass.

FOREIGN MISSIONS CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA

The twenty-eighth Foreign Missions Conference of North America was held at Garden City, Long Island, Jan. 18, 19 and 20.

Dr. S. J. Corey, Chairman of the Conference, in his opening remarks said that there had never been a more appropriate time for such a gathering, for never had there been so many serious problems to be faced. In view of this, no set program had been arranged, but the Conference was to be one of active discussion, guided by competent leaders who were present.

The opening session was given over to the consideration of the relation of agriculture to foreign missionary activities. It was shown that between eighty and ninety per cent of the population of China and India was rural, and it was urged that agricultural and industrial education be established as a means of helping these people to help themselves. And inasmuch as the Christian church largely recruits its members from the rural districts, it was recommended that special effort be made to train up rural ministers, who by their understanding and sympathy with the people will more readily win their confidence. A returned missionary from Japan said that the last four years of his thirty years service in Japan has been spent among the country people, whose responsiveness was most inspiring, and that there is great need of young men to evangelize among a large village population that has not been reached. Is there a suggestion in this for us?

"Training of Missionaries" was a subject which received much careful consideration. The Secretary of the Board of Missionary Preparation said, "No Board of Foreign Missions can *afford* to say we have no need for a candidate department;" and again, "No institution to-day can feel secure that does not look to its future leaders."

Dr. Fleming, from his recent survey of educational conditions in India, explained the new attitude of the government toward education, and pointed out the opportunity for missionary education to advance vocational training.

The subject of "Christian Literature" was discussed at length. Dr. Patton of the American Board affirmed that "promotion of literature is the next great step in missionary work," and urged that it be given a distinct place. It was voted to authorize the appointment of a new literature committee to succeed the American section of the Edinburgh Committee, which had lost two years activity by giving way to the Interchurch Survey.

The *Missionary Review of the World*, established for forty-three years, and the only magazine of its kind, was endorsed and a campaign for an enlarged circulation recommended.

The address of Bishop W. B. Lambuth on the famine conditions in China was heart-rending. Having just come from that stricken area of 100,000 square miles he painted a vivid picture of the 15,000,000 souls facing starvation, in this, the "greatest tragedy of modern history." President Wilson's committee headed by Mr. Lamont of J. P. Morgan and Company, including representatives of the Federal Council of Churches and Foreign Missions Conference, was endorsed and immediate co-operation planned.

The discussion on international missionary co-operation was held over until the arrival of Mr. J. H. Oldham of England, who came to the Conference direct from the steamer, two days over-due on account of rough weather. It is conceded that America will take a leading part in all future missionary enterprise. Missions from now on will be affected by political, economic, social and other problems; and it was pointed out by Dr. J. L. Barton that with an existing League of Nations, international questions will continually be coming up, and that authorities must be ready to speak on organized and international Christianity. An alliance between British and American Missions will be effected.

(*To be continued*)

Sunday School Search Lights

(The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 359 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.)

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* IT'S TIME. Have you forwarded *
* the money from your Armenian *
* offering? Have you given your *
* superintendent a subscription to *
* the *Universalist Leader?* Have *
* you set in motion your machinery *
* for greatly increasing your member- *
* ship? *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

WHO'LL RACE WITH ROCHESTER?

Rochester challenges.

With Mr. Henry A. Niven as live-wire superintendent and with a corps of up-to-the-minute officers and teachers, this western New York school is becoming one of the very best in our denomination.

It puts the emphasis on educational efficiency, of course, and on philanthropic activity—for instance, it has just given three hundred dollars for the relief of the children of Europe.

But it also sees the joy and the glory of sharing its message with the many. Therefore it is enthusiastic over its growth in numbers, which is truly remarkable. On Sunday, Jan. 16, the attendance touched highwater mark, with a record of 290. This was no special day, nor had any effort been made to break a record. The highest previous attendance was that of last Easter, 272.

Now, what about a little rivalry? Rochester would like a friendly contest in attendance with some school of about its own size, one having over 250 in normal attendance. It challenges. Who will accept? The *Leader* will be glad to report results.

* *

A SLOGAN ABOUT GROWTH

The slogan for February was prepared with a hope that it might contribute somewhat to the success of the Murray Crusade. If it emphasizes to officers and scholars that the schools ought to have new members, many of them, and have them soon, it will accomplish its mission.

The superintendent should not be satisfied with simply hanging up the slogan; nor with asking the pupils to read it over with him. He should impress its truth and call for action.

The scholars should be asked to tell *why* the new members are needed; then they should be led to suggest *why* those not now in the school need its fellowship and influence. So the high ideals of the crusade may be made clear. For, as a matter of fact, we do not want to get members merely that we may indulge our pride of growth—we yearn to share our great and saving truth.

The last line of the slogan calls for the missionary spirit in every member. When the boys and girls share with their elders a mighty enthusiasm for building up the school, it will be built up.

There are beautiful Bible stories, showing that the spirit of sharing is ever present when one has really found the Christ—for instance that about Andrew and Philip in the first chapter of John's Gospel.

It will be a good time, when first showing this slogan, to tell of local plans for growth and to give the names of the membership committee.

* *

A MOTHER OF EIGHT

In our school at Fitchburg, Mass., we have a lady who is the mother of eight fine children, all of whom are in their classes every Sunday, and *who is herself a teacher*. Yet we have heard of a woman who could not go to church or Sunday school because she had one boy who had to be made ready. Our friend in Fitchburg plans her work on Saturday, does not think that she is doing anything very remarkable, is happy in her dual service and looks young enough to be her own daughter.

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

March 2. Fort Plain, N. Y.

Feb. 13, a. m., Somerville, Mass., First Church; p. m., Malden, Mass.

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THE LEADING CHURCH IN THE COUNTRY

Several months ago the little church in Anoka, Minn., was reported first over the top in the Murray Anniversary Crusade. It had doubled its resident membership, more than doubled the number enrolled in the Women's Missionary Association, and organized a Sunday school. Now it has added to its good works by organizing an enthusiastic Junior Union.

Anoka serves to show what can be done by faithfulness and faith. It has always been a small church with larger ones near-by. It is located in what is now, for the West, an old community whose growth in population is comparatively slow. A few years ago, after much preparation and personal publicity a congregation of fifty turned out one Easter Sunday, and this included the Congregational choir that had offered to help with the music.

But the Anoka church has a few faithful folks who are not only ready to do any amount of work for the church, but who are also on the lookout constantly for those to whom the invitation to church membership can be extended. This church would grow if the minister did nothing more than conduct services regularly, and extend the hand of fellowship to the new members won by the lay people of the parish.

To the church that hath, not wealth, nor large influence in the community, nor a beautiful and useful building, but that hath faithfulness and faith, shall be given its 100 per cent increase, and more, in the Murray Anniversary Crusade.

It was a delightful experience for the Director to have even a few hours to spend in Anoka, renewing some of the friendships formed during a six years Sunday afternoon or evening pastorate, and to assist in the organization of the Junior Union.

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A PASTORLESS CHURCH

Since last September, when Rev. Luther R. Robinson resigned to assume the duties of Mid-West Superintendent, the church in St. Paul, a former mission of the Y. P. C. U., has been without a pastor. On a few Sundays they have had visiting ministers, as was the case last Sunday, when the Director of Young People's Work occupied the pulpit.

There is no need to stir up the brethren in St. Paul to observe National Laymen's Sunday, for every Sunday for nearly five months has been a Laymen's Sunday. For the time being the Church and Sunday school services have been combined. A half hour is devoted to the service of worship, then an address or talk is given by one of the laymen or lay women of the church, and then the congregation divides into five classes for Bible study. Except for the inevitable loss due to lack of full-time leadership and mid-week activities, the church is at least holding its own. It is one of the best opportunities in the denomination for a minister who wants to work and work with a small but intensely loyal group of women and men who love their church.

A new generation is growing up in the church. The young ladies who were in the Y. P. C. U. a few years ago are now, as they should be everywhere, in the Clara Barton Guild, and the younger young people are now beginning to talk of organizing a Senior or Junior Union, or both. These will come, and in the near future.

* *

OVER THE RIVER

As one journeys from St. Paul toward the sunset, and crosses the great river, he finds himself in what all who have lived there have felt is a little bit of heaven. Minneapolis is one of the great and growing and most beautiful cities of the country, and from the beginning it has been one of the strongholds of the Universalist Church. To this new city, two generations ago, came many sturdy New Englanders, to use in the building of a new empire the immense water power of the Falls of St. Anthony.

A part of the present city of Minneapolis, and at that time the larger part, was named for the falls, and here was built over sixty years ago what I have been told was the first Universalist church in the state, and what was then the best church building anywhere in Minnesota. In the days just after the Civil War, my mother, while teaching in the city, sang in the choir of that church, and on Sunday afternoons they would come over to the little village of Minneapolis to help in services held in a hall, endeavoring to put back on its feet the First Universalist Society of Minneapolis, organized during the Civil War, and struggling for a new start afterward.

The old church building still stands, now used by French Catholics, while the Church of the Redeemer, once almost a mission of the older church, has built itself into the very heart of the city, and has become in point of membership the largest Universalist church in the world. Since its revival about 1865, the church has had but two pastors, Dr. James H. Tuttle, who served it for twenty-five years, and then remained as pastor *emeritus*, and Dr. Marion D. Shutter, who spent several years as Dr. Tuttle's assistant and upon his retirement became the pastor of the church.

Meanwhile Dr. Tuttle, still full of energy and of love for the cause, offered to help a little struggling congregation on what was then the outskirts of the city, turned the entire amount of his small salary into its building fund, and when the corner-stone was laid in 1893, his name was carved upon it. So Tuttle Church came into its own, and now, thanks to the Drive, a part of whose proceeds are being used to clear off the indebtedness both on the old church and upon the Sunday school building erected in 1914-15, it is facing a larger task with confidence and joy. Rev. Thomas J. Farmer is to be congratulated both on the possibilities which lie ahead and on the large achievements of the first year of his pastorate.

In both Minneapolis churches the young people's work occupies a large place. There are Senior and Junior Unions at Tuttle Church, and a Senior at the Church of the Redeemer organized by Rev. Eleanor Bisbee. The Board of Trustees of the church was enlarged at the last annual meeting to admit two Y. P. C. U. trained men, Stanley S. Staring and Arthur J. Edwards, both of them former officers of the National Union. Thus does the Y. P. C. U. contribute to the strength and progress of even the strongest churches.

Stanley Manning.

For the Quiet Hour

No large success is possible without the spiritual undergirding of conscious and developed co-operation from God. Prayerless plans will be as ineffective as currentless motors. . . . There are two conditions of success, the sense of universal obligation and unfailing fellowship with God.

William Horace Day.

He who lives loves because he lives. That which remains to be determined is the direction, the quality and the measure of love. The Christian ideally loves as high as God and as widely as the boundaries of humanity.

Charles H. Brent.

Now thankfulness retains a sense of the sacredness of things. The commonplace wears a nimbus. There is a halo upon the ordinary. A mystic fire burns in the wayside bush. God is seen in the lowly shrine. The common meal becomes a sacrament. To say "thank you," and mean it, keeps the soul awake to the Divine.

J. H. Jowett.

It seems strange He should deliver us from the snare of the fowler, and yet should suffer us to meet the lion and the dragon. Herein let us take much comfort. Our God knoweth what temptations to deliver us from, and He knoweth what temptations to give us victory over.

Mark Guy Pearse.

Desire joy and thank God for it;
Renounce it, if need be, for other's sake—
That's joy beyond joy.

Robert Browning.

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1921

Before reported 159

PERSONAL

The Rev. Fred S. Walker, who recently resigned from the pastorate of the Church of the Messiah, Portland, Maine, is now established in his new pastorate at Norwood, Mass.

Connecticut

Bridgeport.—Our Crusade is on and making good headway. Dr. Lowe was with us on Sunday, Jan. 2, and gave us a splendid send-off. It was an all-day affair, with a grand rally at the morning service, a special meeting for men at noon, luncheon at the church, followed by a conference meeting in the afternoon. Now we are at work carrying out many of Dr. Lowe's fine suggestions. Our first objective is to double our church attendance. This is already increasing. The next step will be to seek a large increase in church membership. We are already campaigning for members to be received at Easter. In addition to these efforts, all our organizations are campaigning for new members, and their efforts are not in vain. Our Sunday school, our women's organizations, our Y. P. C. U., our young women's and young men's organizations are all gaining new members. We have caught the crusade spirit and are sure of success.

Stamford.—On Dec. 29, the church celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the dedication of its present building. Dr. F. O. Hall brought a stirring message. To the disappointment of all, Dr. J. Smith Dodge, pastor *emeritus*, was unable to be present, but his interest in the occasion and his benediction were voiced by the pastor. Letters of greeting were read from former ministers, Rev. F. A. Gray, Rev. H. E. Benton, Rev. A. E. Bartlett, Rev. E. M. Grant and Rev. C. Ellwood Nash. To signalize the anniversary, it is planned to put the church and parsonage in best possible condition. The Mission Circle, with increased membership, is interesting itself in local philanthropies, and in over-seas field. The chairman of the Associated Charities spoke before the Circle, and in co-operation with the Women's Auxiliaries, the Circle has undertaken to furnish children's garments greatly needed by the organization. The appeal of Mr. Hoover for the children of Europe was responded to with $280 from our people. The Sunday school is helping in the Armenian Relief, having a few weeks ago adopted an orphan. A fine new class of young women has been organized under the leadership of Mrs. H. C. Scofield.

Massachusetts

Leominster.—The Sunday school has again voted to pay twenty cents a week for the mission work in Japan and has sent its contribution for the coming year to the state treasurer. The Christmas offering for Armenia was larger this season than in the three preceding years, despite the fact that most of the contributions for the adoptions and the Orphans' Plate given by the parish came from members of the school. The birthday box in the school is the missionary box, the contents being divided each year between Japan and Suffolk. Two life-memberships in the Woman's Missionary Society have recently been taken by women in the parish. We hope "to enlarge the universe" for ourselves by service outside the parish limits.

Salem.—At a meeting of the Mission Circle, Mrs. Walter A. Smith read a paper on "The Tufts College Loan Fund." The income of this permanent fund of the W. U. M. S. of Massachusetts gives three or four scholarships to aid Universalist girls in Jackson College. The annual parish meeting engendered much enthusiasm for the church, aad reports were all indicative of an active and growing church. Miss Mary Robinson was elected trustee *emeritus* for life, in appreciation of her long and faithful service to the church.

Orange.—Rev. Louis J. Richards, minister. Zeal and harmony mark the activities of the church. In spite of bad weather one thousand people attended the fair, and over $650 was realized. The minister has been giving the Milburn series for the Sunday school and also a series on "Better America." The Sunday school, the Murray Class and the Services' Class have each adopted an Armenian orphan. On Dec. 26 the subject of the sermon was "Watchman, Tell Us of the Night." Mr. G. G. Curtis sang the old song as a tenor solo. In the evening, Mrs. Richards gave an appreciative reading of "The Mansion," by Henry Van Dyke.

Cambridge, First.—The December sale held in the vestry by the Ladies' Benevolent Society was a great success socially as well as financially. The net receipts were $740.79. From this amount the Convention quota of $100 was been paid, also $400 was voted to the standing committee towards the current expenses of the parish.

Springfield, Second.—Rev. Elmer D. Colcord, minister. Dr. W. R. Rowland of Ohio visited the church and was entertained at the pastor's home. A surprise party was given him by Ferry Beachers, who presented him, as Mayor of Anyville, with a volume of Sam Walter Foss's poems. We are glad that the Y. P. C. U. State Convention is coming to Springfield next fall. There is a good field for home missionary work here, for in Western Massachusetts our Union and the small one at St. Paul's are the only two. Dr. Huntley visited us Jan. 9, speaking at the morning service. We regret that Dr. Clarence E. Rice, who has been a staunch and true friend of our society, has retired from the First Church.

North Attleboro.—The Ladies' Social held its annual meeting Jan. 20. Splendid reports as to the work of the year were received. For the second time the ladies have contributed $1500 to the church during the year. Aside from this, they have given to the District Nurse Association, Armenia, European Relief, the Doolittle Home, and to the local Christmas relief. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Carl A. Hempel; vice-president, Mrs. John E. Tweedy; secretary, Mrs. Adelbert M. Barden; and treasurer, Mrs. H. M. Olney. Mrs. C. H. Pennoyer, District Vice-President, spoke before the Mission Circle. A luncheon is being planned, the proceeds from which are to be used to help furnish the new parsonage at Tokyo, Japan. The Circle is also working to raise money to send several girls to Camp Murray at Northfield next summer.

New York

Central Square.—Under the leadership of Rev. Julia M. Tobey, the church is taking on new life. Congregations are increasing in numbers and interest, and the Sunday school is steadily growing. Fifteen men were present at the Men's Brotherhood class, which has been reorganized, and took part in the discussion. The social and financial ends of the church are well cared for. The Cicero and Central Square Churches are working in harmony, deeming themselves favored in their choice of a minister.

Ohio

New Madison.—With a membership of over 300, a fine parsonage, a strong Sunday school, a Y. P. C. U. and women's organization, the church is one of the strongest and most productive of missionary revenue in the state. There is opportunity for a chapter of Comrades.

Blanchester and Cuba.—These churches are holding regular services again. The new pastor, Rev. W. R. Rowland, began in the field Dec. 12. Both churches are well supported, but have had little preaching for some years.

Columbus.—Until the new church building is finished, services are being held in U. C. T. Hall. A large sign on the lot announces that a Community House will be erected at once and is to be opened as early as possible in 1921. Reports of work done in 1920 showed that over $1,000 had been given through the parish for work outisde its own budget. The Current Topic period preceding the sermon every Sunday morning has proved of considerable interest, bringing brief reports of vita matters to the notice of the congregation

Wisconsin

Racine.—The annual meeting Jan. 12 showed the parish in a healthy condition. Dr. Lowe was present and gave an inspiring address. Every one is working for the Crusade, and has promised to try to get a new member. During the summer a fine carpet was laid in the church, the gift of Mrs. E. V. Laughton. A special service was held in honor of Rev. Olympia Brown Willis, a suffragist of note who was for ten years pastor of the church. Her sermon, "The Opening Door," was a beautiful conception of Universalism. Almost ninety years of age, she is a remarkable woman. At the close of the service she was presented with a large basket of flowers. Morning services are well attended, with one-third to one-half the congregation men. The pastor, Rev. A. W. McDavitt, recently conducted the funeral services of David L. Bush of Racine, president of the St. Paul Railroad.

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PUBLIC MEETING

Women's Universalist Missionary Society of Massachusetts

By urgent request an extra meeting is to be held in Lowell at the First Church, on Thursday, Feb. 17, 1921. Note the date at once, for you can not afford to miss so good an opportunity for uplift and enlightenment. Read this advance suggestion of program, and invite your friends to join you. Every Mission Circle should be represented by at least two delegates, if within a twenty-mile ride.

The hospitality of the First Church will include vocal solos in morning and afternoon sessions, and luncheon will be served at thirty-five cents each person. The vital messages of the day will be presented by Dr. Bush, Dr. Leighton, Rev. C. J. Cowing, Rev. A. Gertrude Earle, and Mrs. George A. Libby.

Go for what you may get, and you will be well served. Go for what you may give, and God will bless your gifts of time and thought, and co-operation. A large company present, and "the best meeting yet" is possible, if every one is alert to have it so.

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Some Worth-while Books

The White Comrade and other Poems. By Robert Haven Schauffler. $1.50.

Readers of "Scum o' the Earth" will welcome this new group of poems by an author who is not only a poet with a love of life and understanding of the hearts of men, but a writer of prose, a musician, and a soldier of the world war. The title poem is one of the best known war poems.

Le Petit Nord. By Anne Grenfell and Katie Spalding. Illustrated. $1.50.

Many of us have wished to hear about the Grenfell mission work from a feminine point of view, and this little volume, by Mrs. Grenfell and a nurse who accompanied the Doctor and his wife on their expeditions to "the little North," gives us an intimate knowledge of the tragedy and comedy of every-day happenings in that cold corner of the earth. Dr. Grenfell contributes a preface and unique illustrations.

Everyday Adventures. By Samuel Scoville. Illustrated. $3.00.

Everybody loves adventures, and needs a hobby. This author, though he sits at an office desk all week, says that adventuring is his hobby, and collects adventures of outdoors, birds, flowers and animals. One reader writes that the book is "warranted to help some when a fellow has the grippe or just plain dumps on a winter night and can't get outdoors for a while."

"That Damn Y:" A Record of Service Over-Seas. By Katherine Mayo. Illustrated. $3.50.

The phrase which gives the title to this book is said to have been heard with great frequency "over there," so that its use is most appropriate. Miss Mayo, the author of "Justice to All" and "The Standard Bearers," dealing with the adventures of the Pennsylvania State Constabulary, went across with the understanding that she was to tell the story as she saw it, and the result of her eighteen months' participation in, and observation of, the "Y" work in all its branches and intimate relations with the workers, is a record of splendidly devoted service of men and women, which every American reads with a thrill of pride.

The Soul of John Brown. By Stephen Grahame. $3.00.

Stephen Grahame, private of the Guards, marched to Cologne dreaming of marching through Georgia with General Sherman. From that dream grew his pilgrimage through the South after the war, to see how the ex-slaves live, and from the pilgrimage grew his book, which concerns itself with the present and future of the negro in the United States, and was published in England under the title of "Children of the Slaves."

The Book of Humorous Verse. Edited by Carolyn Wells. $7.50.

This has been called "a department store of fun," and the stock is so complete and varied that every one can find what he looks for, be it a parody, a satire, a limerick, or familiar verse. It might also be called an ally of preventive medicine, since a laugh is a valuable aid to good health and accelerates convalescence.

Letters to a Niece and Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres. With a Niece's Memories by Mabel LaFarge. By Henry Adams. $2.50.

Here is Henry Adams in lighter vein, revealing the beautiful relationship between himself and the younger generation —"nieces, nieces in wish, or even young men"—which might be expected of a man who, childless himself, had "in a corner of his study, under the bookshelves, a cupboard with two doors and a compartment, which was a complete doll's house, with every furnishing chosen by the uncle."

Ellen Levis. By Elsie Singmaster. $2.00.

This is a stronger story than "Basil Everman," which caused a reviewer in a most conservative journal to break custom by congratulating its author, and has been widely read. The scene is laid in a colony of Seventh Day Baptists in Pennsylvania, where Ellen Levis is under the care of her fanatical grandfather, but shifts to the outside world when Ellen leaves the only home she has known and fares forth to live her own life, which after hard and lonely years is crowned with deep happiness.

The Rising Tide of Color. By Lothrop Stoddard. $3.00.

The title of this "statistical melodrama" may well give us pause; for if the rising tide should become a tidal wave, what then? We are warned against the perils of immigration, the fall in the white birth-rate, and the color-consciousness rapidly spreading over the world; and the last part of the book suggests how to arm against the menace, but does not solve the problem. Surely there must be some safe middle ground where we can avoid the prophesied "war of the color line" which "will outdo in savage inhumanity any war this world has yet seen."

Potterism. By Rose Macaulay. $2.00.

Potterism, the Anti-Potters decided, is "mainly an Anglo-Saxon disease. Worst of all in America." The author applies the word, which has become a bromidiom, as summing up the great mass of "incoherent muddled emotion that passes for thought," and in this clever story of the Potters and their circle of friends belonging to the opposing camps she laughs at us all—but has she escaped the insidious malady?

Cactus Center. By Arthur Chapman. Picture jacket, frontispiece and decorative sketches. $1.50.

Cactus Center, the scene of these sagebrush sagas, is an Arizona town, where life moves rapidly and strange happenings are everyday affairs, which are woven into verse breathing the spirit of the untamed West and abounding in humor.

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Notices

MAINE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Letters of transfer have been issued to Rev. Frederick S. Walker to Massachusetts, and Rev. Dwight A. Ball to North Carolina, and Rev. M. L. Hadley has been accepted on transfer from the Florida Convention. Rev. Ernest M. W. Smith has at his own request been dropped from fellowship.

Arthur M. Soule, Secretary.

* *

NOTICE

The Midyear Meeting of the Women's Universalist Missionary Association of Rhode Island will be held at the Woonsocket Church, Thursday, Feb. 17, at 11 a. m. Luncheon will be served at 1 p. m., following which the afternoon session will open at 2. The public is cordially invited.

Laura E. Hoag, Secretary.

NEW YORK FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Letters of License have been issued to George H. Campbell, a student in the Canton Theological School.

Geo. H. Bowers, Secretary.

* *

VERMONT AND QUEBEC FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Owing to the removal of Rev. D. E. Trout of Brattleboro and of Rev. H. L. Thornton of White River Junction from the limits of this Convention, the Executive Board of the Universalist Convention of Vermont and Province of Quebec has appointed Rev. George F. Fortier of Morrisville, chairman, and Rev. C. R. Stetson of Springfield to complete these unexpired terms.

George F. Fortier, Chairman.

* *

Obituary

Mrs. I. M. Atwood

Almira Church Atwood, widow of the late Rev. I. M. Atwood, D. D., died after a brief illness, Monday evening, Jan. 17, at her home in Washington, D. C., whither she and Dr. Atwood had moved shortly before his death in the fall of 1917. Mrs. Atwood had been physically quite frail in recent years, but her mental powers were unimpaired. Though unable to go out, she maintained, through her constant reading of current religious and general literature, the keenest interest in affairs of church and state.

She was born in Clarendon, N. Y., April 11, 1836, and married Dr. Atwood in 1861. From the first she entered intelligently and sympathetically into his work. She was a woman of strong character: affectionate in her family relations, practical in her moral judgment, and steadfastly loyal to her friends, her church and worthy causes. An admirable housekeeper and genuine homemaker, she together with Dr. Atwood dispensed in her several homes, especially those in Canton and Rochester, gracious and generous hospitality.

A brief but beautiful service was conducted in Washington by Rev. A. W. Grose, D. D., a friend and former pastor. Friday, Jan. 21, the funeral was held in Canton, N. Y., at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Williston Manley, Rev. J. M. Payson, D. D., also a former pastor, officiating. Besides the daughter mentioned, she is survived by two others—Nora Atwood, Supervisor of the Kindergarten department, Montclair (N. J.) Normal, and Alice Atwood, librarian in the Bureau of Plant Industry, a son, Dean J. M. Atwood of Canton, as well as nine grandchildren and three great grandchildren.

Miss M. Louise Brown

The many friends of Miss M. Louise Brown of Springfield, Mass., will be saddened by the news of her death, which occurred in Daytona, Florida, just before Christmas. Her genial ways and helpful spirit won for her a host of friends and those who knew her during her short residence in the South as well as those in the North will miss her. She was a resident of Springfield, Mass., for nearly seventy years, and was connected with St. Paul's Universalist Church of that city during her whole life, and a most efficient worker. She was intensely interested in the work of the General Convention and rarely missed its sessions. Many will remember her who made her acquaintance on the Convention trip to California, and who were glad to meet her again at the Conventions in Worcester and Baltimore. Being dead she yet speaketh, and her work in the church will stand as a memorial through the years and her influence will never die.

Dr. Charles F. Thomas

Dr. Charles F. Thomas, of Caribou, Maine, died at Miami, Fla., Dec. 28, 1920. Funeral services were held at Miami Dec. 30, conducted by Rev. Frederick A. Bisbee, D. D., pastor of the First Universalist Church, the interment being at Woodlawn Park Cemetery.

The following Sunday a memorial service was held in the Universalist church at Caribou, Maine, conducted by the pastor, Rev. Harry M. Daniels, and attended by representatives of all sections of Aroostook County. It was a notable expression of community grief and sympathy. Mr. Daniels delivered an eloquent eulogy The pulpit was beautifully decorated with flowers, while the one to whom they paid tribute was peacefully sleeping amid the flowers blooming in far-off Florida.

The story of the life of Dr. Thomas shows that he was worthy of these fine tributes. He was born at Palmyra, Me., Sept. 27, 1847. He was a graduate from the Maine Central Institute, Bates College and Long Island College Hospital. He came to Aroostook County in 1873, and there, as farmer, school teacher, school supervisor and physician, he endeared himself to all the people whom he served in various capacities. He was the friend and advisor of all. His practise extended as far as forty miles from his home, and over this vast territory, through the most inclement weather, and over long and lonely roads, he has been going through all these years to minister to the suffering. His great-heartedness won for him the love and gratitude of the entire population.

The Doctor took a deep interest in town affairs and always stood as the brave advocate of right alone in public work. He served for years as chairman of the School Committee and was sent by his fellow citizens to represent them in the State Legislature. He was connected with the Universalist Church and a generous supporter.

He is survived by his wife, to whom he was married in 1875, one son, Dr. C. F. Thomas, Jr., and three daughters.

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For further information please address the Superintendent, Miss Ruth E. Hersey, 14 Worcester St., Boston.

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Crackling

In a class election at Harvard 915 seniors cast 965 ballots. So much for the advantage of a higher education.—*Roanoke Times.*

* *

Abe Martin says: There's jest about th' same number of people loafin' that ther wuz a year or two ago, but they don't git paid fer it.—*Boston Globe.*

* *

It was a no-tip restaurant. Ivan Bankoff, on receiving his change after paying for a meal, said to the waitress:

"I notice by the signs that tips are forbidden here."

"Yes, sir," replied the waitress. "But so were apples in the Garden of Eden."—*New York World.*

* *

Son, learn by heart this cheerful verse:
Though I have many ills,
I will not try to make things worse,
I will not chew my pills.

Exchange.

* *

The absent-minded professor was buried in a large volume in which he was deeply interested. Downstairs the baby was yelling at the top of his voice.

"What is the baby crying for?" asked the professor, as his wife passed through the room.

"He wants his own way," replied the wife.

"Well, if it's his, why don't you let him have it?" said the professor, as he resumed his reading.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

* *

"Look here," demanded the new patron of the Dizzy Hour lunch room. "When do I get that order?"

"Control yourself," snapped Romeo the waiter. "The cooks are on strike, but I think they'll come to an agreement 'most any hour now."—*American Legion Weekly.*

* *

First Playwright: "You don't mean to say you are dubious about your play?"

Second Playwright: "I certainly am. They liked it so well in Danbury, Conn., that I'm afraid it's over the head of Broadway."—*Life.*

* *

"After being my fiancee for five years she breaks the engagement and sends back the ring."

"Well, that engagement ring has doubled in value. Wouldn't wonder if you couldn't get a better girl with it."—*London Opinion.*

* *

"You must have plenty of nerve," said Colonel Lookout. "The idea of stealing my chickens and then trying to sell them to me!"

"Why, cunnel, I thought you'd pay a better price for chickens you'd raised yourself," returned Johnson. "You'd know what you're buying."—*New York Globe.*

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The book "From Good Luck to Gloucester" has been with me some days, and I have read through it about every day I have had it. But somehow I have not read it with such critical faculties as I have and do not believe that I ever will. I take it up as a mirror, in which I see reflected the wonderful days at Good Luck and Gloucester.

For one who was there it is a wonderfully precious book. For one who was not there it is as good a record as is possible, but no record will ever make such an one see or hear what we saw and heard those great days.

L. B. Fisher.

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"From Good Luck to Gloucester" is a book that I feel I am going to read and re-read many times. It is a veritable storehouse of information concerning Universalism and its bearing on life. The revealing nature of the book will make it an invaluable help to the seeker after truth. Every Public Library should have a copy. Certainly our own people should read and ponder over the great messages of the leading exponents of Modern Universalism set down in this well-conceived and splendidly prepared volume. The Publishing House has reason to be proud of its achievement.

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I want to congratulate the Universalist Publishing House on its great success in the quick making and publishing of "From Good Luck to Gloucester." It shows what can be done by the prompt seizing of opportunities which come to us within the Divine Providence! The book is an excellent record of impressive events and meetings. "The Editor's Story" at intervals in the book is told from the heart and is strikingly interesting in its historic facts and in their picturesque and often poetic expression. I have already bought four copies of the book for presents, and I find the book appreciated by all who see it.

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